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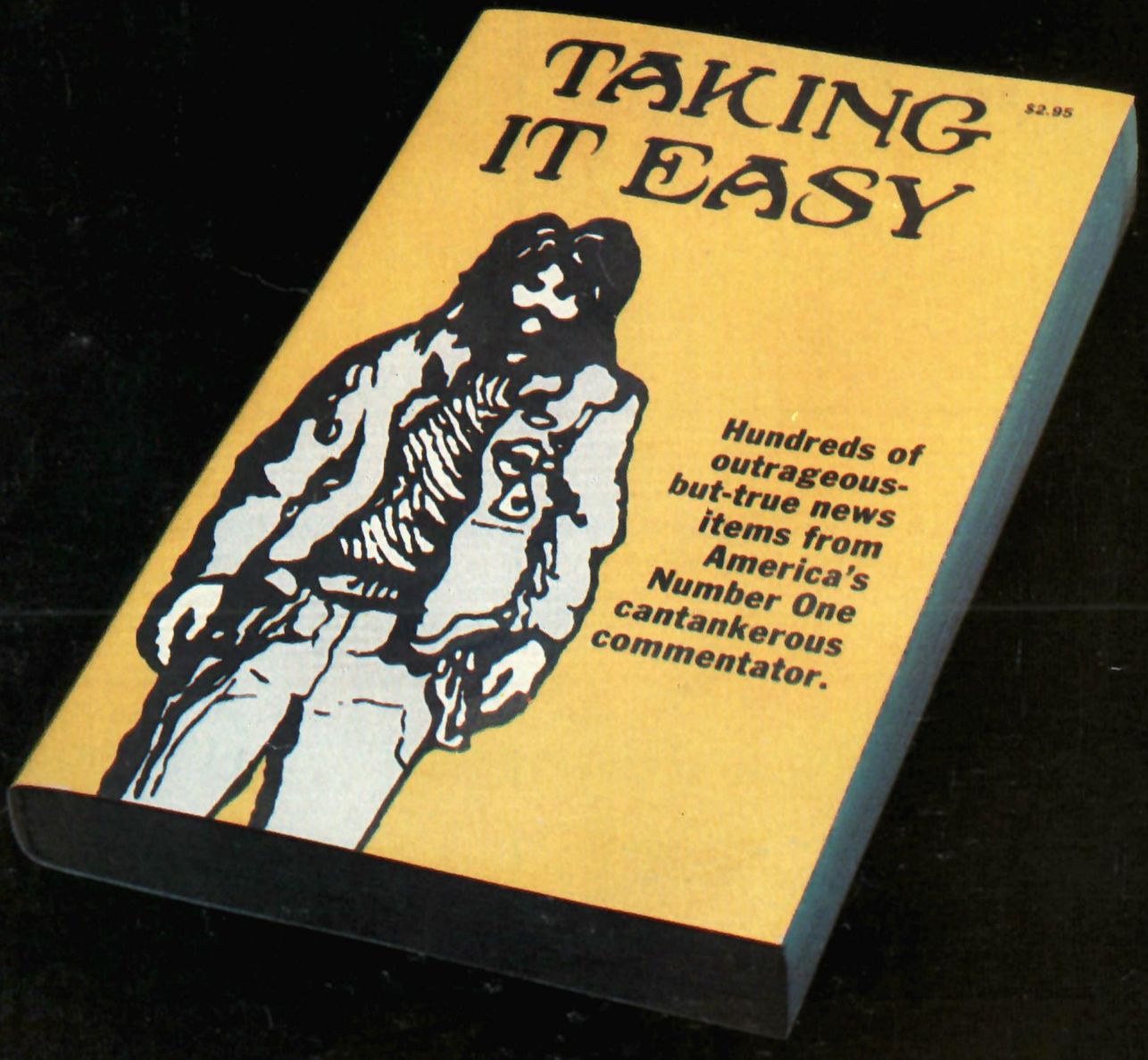
HEY, YOU!



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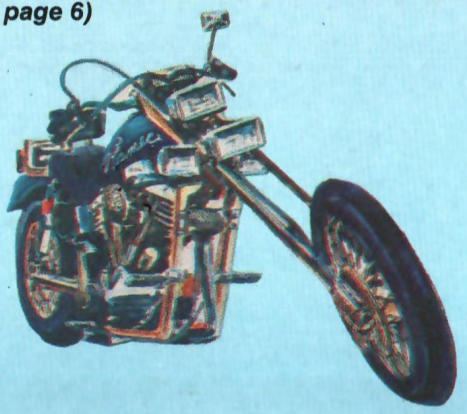
'39 Indian, home on the rezz (see page 6)

'55 Bimbo, high on the hog (page 64)



iron horse

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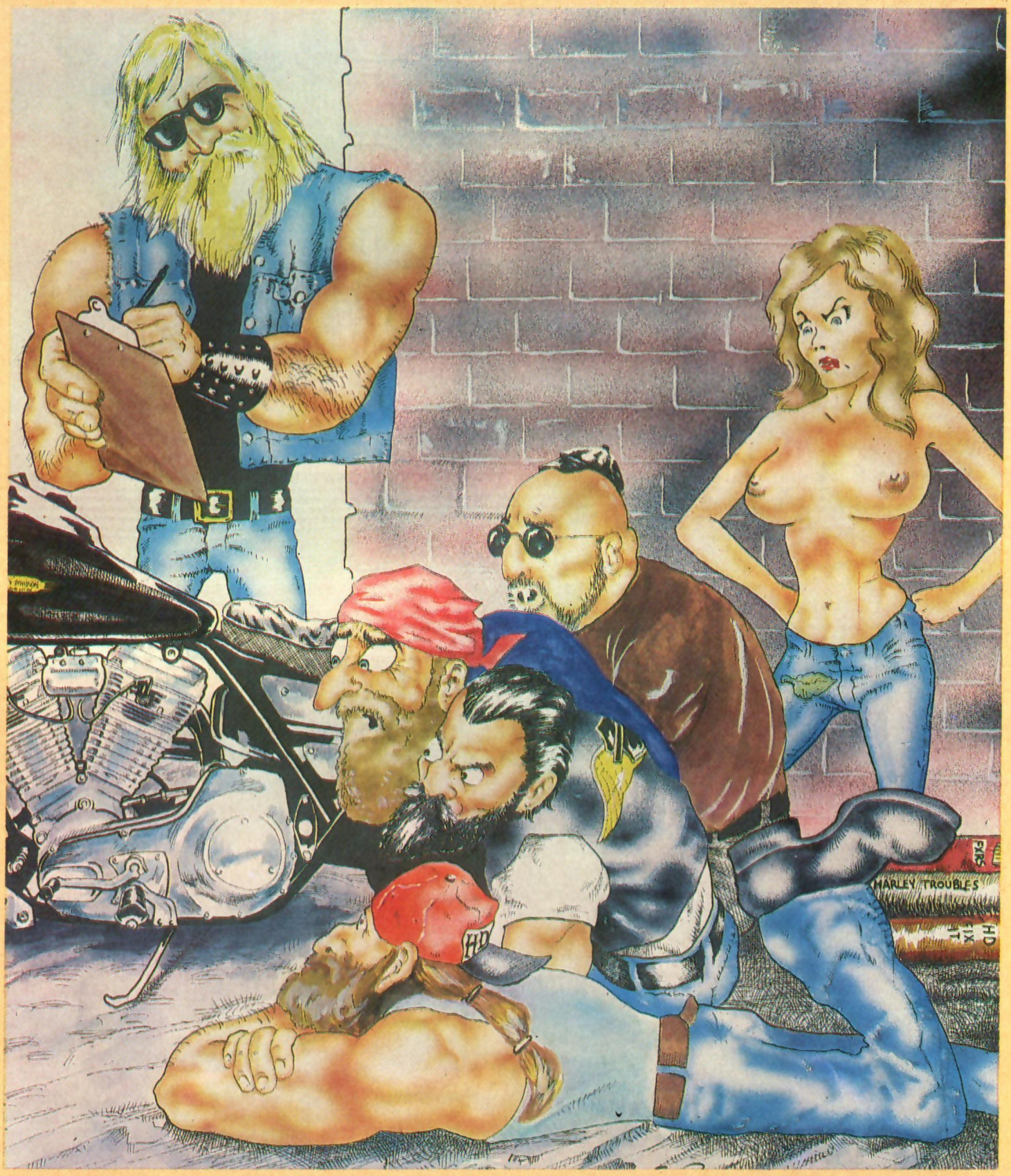
YO' BRO' TEST YER HARLEY SMARTS . . . & WIN AN '85 V² LOW-GLIDE FXRS



YOU KIN WIN AN $8000 CHERRY BLOCKHEAD JUST BY KNOWN YER SHIT!
DON'T MISS THE CONTEST OF THE CENTURY, BEGINNING IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!

—GAME #2—

1985 HARLEY GIVE-AWAY CONTEST

Fix this scoot and win yer own STATE-OF-THE-ART LOW-GLIDE E-2

As ya kin plainly see on the opposite page, ol Fubar can't motivate his brannew putt to put out.

Give the dude a hand, willya bro?

Mr. Fucked-Up-Beyond-All-Recognition is one of those wimps who likes ta pose on his iron 'n give the slits a thrill—but when it comes ta fixin his machine, he lets the shop up the block do all the dirty work.

Not like our IRON HORSE readers. Our tramps look good in the saddle and split the lanes with skill—but they also know how to break down a bike to its bones and piece it all back together again...

Which is why none of ya is gonna have much trouble with Game #1 of the GREAT HARLEY GIVE-AWAY CONTEST. In the picture on the opposite page, legendary scooter artist David Snow has left out the one part that will make Fubar's scoot start breakin the breeze...

What is it? Just write yer answer in the coupon below and you'll take the first step towards winnin a bran-fuckin-new H-D of yer very own!

Here's how the give-away is gonna work: Fer the next five months, artist David Snow is gonna draw a toon of our mascot, Fubar, and his 1985 H-D Low-Glide with its revolutionary evolutionary-2 engine! In each picture, the Snowman will sabotage Foobie's sled by either omitting a piece of equipment or showin a basic boner that will make the machine a no-go. It's up ta you to figger what's wrong with each picture.

If ya send us yer five correct answers by each deadline date, you'll become eligible fer a final drawing. The first name picked out of the IH Memorial Beer Keg will win himself the bike. Twenty-five runners-up will also receive prizes.

HARLEY GIVE-AWAY CONTEST GAME #2

Mail to: Contest
Iron Horse
P.O. Box 2163
New York, NY 10116

Fubar's new Low-Glide won't ride because _____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Deadline fer contest Game #2: April 15, 1985 Midnight.

Correct answer to Game #2 will appear in the June issue.

No purchase necessary. Handwritten or photostatic copies of entry coupon will be accepted. Copies of pictures of Fubar's scoot available for inspection at Iron Horse offices, 300 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y., Monday to Friday, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., or by mail by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, New York 10036. Decision as to correctness of all answers shall be made by prominent New York attorney, Michael L. Levine, Esq. Mr. Levine's decision shall be final. No employee of Iron Horse, J.Q. Adams Productions, Inc., Dell Distributing Co. or any related company is eligible. All entries must be postmarked by midnight of the deadline date to be accepted. Void where prohibited by law.

MARCH ANSWER: The bike had no oil lines.

JOIN THE IRON HORSE

Become a charter member of this unique Biker Tradin Post and watch yer scooter contacts grow like syphsores on an old whore...

Dear IRON HORSE Reader,

Welcome to the Charter Edition of the IRON HORSE SWAP SHOP CLUB. Fer just 5 smackers, American, you can become a part of the first national Swap Club made just fer bikers.

Dues fer the Club are $20 a year, but because this ad is kindava trial balloon, so ta speak, we're pitchin a half-year membership fer just 5.00.

This fiver entitles ya to:

1. Six issues of the Club's sensational newsletter, devoted exclusively to yer ads.
2. Two FREE ads of up to 50 words in the newsletter.
3. An exclusive 10% discount fer a year's subscription to IRON HORSE.
4. A 33% discount on the incredible new "IRON HORSE WANTS YOU" T-shirt.
5. The opportunity to continually renew yer membership at the discount rate of $10.00 annually.

Charter Memberships must be in our grubby paws by March 31, 1985! After that, the deal gets less good and ya won't get our subs and shirt fer a cheap price.

So put yer coupon in the mail today! Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime Charter Membership! JOIN THE IRON HORSE SWAP SHOP CLUB.

The regular price of paid ads is 15¢ per word fer individuals, 30¢ a word fer businesses, with a $3.00 minimum. Display ads are $5.00 an inch and we'll print yer business or callin card fer ony $3.00.

To: IRON HORSE SWAP SHOP
P.O. Box 2163
New York, N.Y. 10116

1. Enclosed $5.00. Enroll me as a charter member of the IRON HORSE Swap Club.

2. Enclosed $_____ for (check one or more):
Additional ads_____ (first one free). Amount $_____
Additional words_____ (first 40 free) Amount $_____
Additional insertions_____ (first two free) Amount $_____

3. I have enclosed check (_____) or money order (_____) [Check one]

4. Also enclosed $27.00, Please enter my subscription to IRON HORSE at the special Swap Club rate.

5. Also enclosed $8.00. Please send me an Iron Horse Wants You T-shirt (S__/M__/L__XL__) at the special Swap Club rate.

6. Here is my ad for the Swap Club newsletter. Please place it in section _____ (see accompanying list for categories):

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State_____ Zip ___
Age: _____ (Must be 18 or over to join)
Signature: _____

SWAP SHOP CLUB

1.a LIKE NEW Scoots fer Sale
1.b LIKE NEW Scoots Wanted
1.c LIKE NEW Scoots—fer Trade
1.d LIKE NEW Scoots—fer Lease
2.a USED Scoots—fer Sale
2.b USED Scoots Wanted
2.c USED Scoots—fer Trade
2.d DAMAGED Scoots—fer Sale
2.e DAMAGED Scoots Wanted
2.f DAMAGED Scoots—fer Trade
3.a BASKET CASES—fer Sale
3.b BASKET CASES Wanted
3.c BASKET CASES—fer Trade
4.a ANTIQUE SCOOTS—fer Sale
4.b ANTIQUE SCOOTS Wanted
4.c ANTIQUE SCOOTS—fer Trade
5.a SCOOTER PARTS—fer Sale
5.b SCOOTER PARTS Wanted
5.c SCOOTER PARTS—fer Trade
5.d OBSOLETE PARTS—fer Sale or Trade
5.e OBSOLETE PARTS—Wanted

CHARTER MEMBER'S DISCOUNT

Good fer 10% off the regular $30.00 subscription rate fer IRON HORSE magazine when presented by April 30, 1985 by a member of the IRON HORSE Swap Club.

6.a HARLEY MECHANICS (Will Travel)—Listing
6.b HARLEY MECHANICS (Local only)—Listing
6.c HARLEY MECHANICS Wanted—By Businesses
6.d HARLEY MECHANICS Wanted—Private Parties
6.e HARLEY MECHANICS Willing to Trade time fer Hardware
6.f AMERICAN-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS WANTED—By Private Parties
6.g ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS WANTED—By Private Parties
6.h AMERICAN-MAKE/ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS Willing to Trade Time for Hardware
6.i AMERICAN-MAKE/ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS (Will Travel)—Listing
6.j AMERICAN-MAKE/ENGLISH-MAKE SCOOTER MECHANICS (Local only)—Listing
7.a ACCESSORIES DEALERS—Listing
7.b ACCESSORIES Wanted
7.c SCOOTER WEARABLES DEALERS Wanted
7.d SCOOTER WEARABLES—Wanted
7.e BIKER T-SHIRTS—fer Sale
7.f SCOOTER PARAPHERNALIA—Listing
7.g SCOOTER PARAPHERNALIA Wanted
8.a HARLEY MEMORABILIA—Fer Sale
8.b HARLEY MEMORABILIA Wanted
8.c HARLEY MEMORABILIA—Fer Trade
8.d ALL OTHER MAKES MEMORABILIA—Fer Sale
8.e ALL OTHER MAKES MEMORABILIA Wanted
8.f ALL OTHER MAKES MEMORABILIA—Fer Trade
9.a PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, MURALISTS—Listing
9.b PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, MURALISTS—Wanted
9.c PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, MURALISTS—Trade time fer hardware
9.d SCOOTER ART, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE—fer Sale
9.e SCOOTER ART, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE Wanted
9.f SCOOTER ART, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE—fer Trade
9.g SCOOTER POETRY—fer Sale
9.h SCOOTER POETRY Wanted
9.i SCOOTER POETRY—fer Trade
10.a RACE RIDERS—Listing
10.b RACE RIDERS Wanted
10.c RACE RIDERS—Swap time for hardware
11.a TATTOOISTS—Listing
11.b TATTOOISTS Wanted
11.c TATTOOISTS—Swap time for hardware
11.d TATTOO FLASH—fer Sale
11.e TATTOO FLASH Wanted
11.f TATTOO FLASH—fer Trade
11.g TATTOO MEMORABILIA—fer Sale or Trade
11.h TATTOO MEMORABILIA Wanted
11.i PIERCING—Listings
11.j PIERCING—Wanted
12.a LEATHERWORK—fer Sale or Trade
12.b LEATHERWORK Wanted
13.a BOUNCERS, BODYGUARDS, COLLECTION AGENTS—for Hire
13.b BOUNCERS, BODYGUARDS, COLLECTION AGENTS Wanted
14.a MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Anywhere)—for Hire
14.b MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Local)—for Hire
14.c MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Anywhere) Wanted
14.d MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY (Local) Wanted
15.a SIDECAR & SIDECAR ACCESSORIES—fer Sale or Trade
15.b SIDECAR & SIDECAR ACCESSORIES Wanted
16.a SCOOTER LITERATURE (Books & Mags)—fer Sale or Trade
16.b SCOOTER LITERATURE (Books & Mags) Wanted
16.c STATIONERY, GREETIN' & CALLIN' CARDS, ETC.—fer Sale or Trade
16.d STATIONERY, GREETIN' & CALLIN' CARDS, ETC.—Wanted
17.a SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHERS— fer Hire
17.b SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHERS Wanted
17.c SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHERS—Trade time fer hardware
17.d SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHS—fer Sale or Trade
17.e SCOOTER PHOTOGRAPHS Wanted
18.a SCOOTER GALS—fer Sale or Trade (Head 'n hump only)
18.b SCOOTER GALS—fer Sale or Trade (Head, hump 'n Housework)
18.c SCOOTER GALS—Available fer Modeling
18.d SCOOTER GALS—Available fer Titty Dancin'
18.e SCOOTER GALS—Lookin' fer love

CHARTER MEMBER'S DISCOUNT

Good fer 33% off fer one IRON HORSE WANTS YOU T-Shirt when presented by April 30, 1985 by a member of the IRON HORSE Swap Club.

18.f SCOOTER GALS—Lookin' fer a train
18.g SCOOTER GALS—Lookin' fer a trainin'
18.h SWINGIN SCOOTER COUPLES Wanted fer partyin
18.i SWINGIN SCOOTER COUPLES Wanted fer photography
18.j SWINGIN SCOOTER COUPLES Wanted fer photo swapping
19.a OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Permanent
19.b OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Transient
19.c OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Penpals (Outside)
19.d OL' MEN SEEKIN' OL' LADIES—Penpals (Down)
19.e OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Permanent
19.f OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Transient
19.g OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Penpals (Outside)
19.h OL' LADIES SEEKIN' OL' MEN—Penpals (Down)
20.a RALLYES,MEETS, PROTESTS, PARTIES, SHOWS—Listing
20.b CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS Forming
20.c CLUBS, ORGANIZATIONS Seeking Members
21.a BIKER BARS—Listing
22.a BIKER BUSINESS—Fer Sale or Trade
22.b BIKER BUSINESS Wanted
23.a STORAGE SPACE—Fer Rent, Sale or Trade
23.b STORAGE SPACE Wanted
23.c MACHINE SHOP SPACE 'N TIME—Fer Sale or Trade
23.d MACHINE SHOP SPACE 'N TIME Wanted
24.a BIKERS' LEGAL SERVICES— fer Hire
24.b BIKERS' LEGAL SERVICES— fer Free
24.c BIKERS' LEGAL SERVICES Wanted
25.a BIKERS' MEDICAL SERVICES—fer Hire
25.b BIKERS' MEDICAL SERVICES—fer Free
25.c BIKERS' MEDICAL SERVICES Wanted
26.a BIKER-MINISTERS—fer Hire
27.a CAMPIN' & TOURIN' GEAR—fer Sale or Trade
27.b CAMPIN' & TOURIN' GEAR Wanted
28.a MISSIN' PERSONS—Information Sought
29.a BEER MEMORABILIA, MUGS, CANS—fer Sale or Trade
29.b BEER MEMORABILIA, MUGS, CANS Wanted
30.a THE QUESTION BOX (We answer yer questions)
30.b THE ANSWER BOX (You answer our questions)

THE MYSTERIOUS INDIAN MAN OF INDIANA

Story by Snow
Photos by Balls

Somewhere in the heartland of the great American Midwest the doors off a weatherbeaten garage are opened and the past rumbles alive and smoking into the present. The thunder of ancient iron shakes the earth and what some would consider a relic of a vanished era blasts down a country lane leavin a question behind that must be answered—is a "bygone era" really gone when it blows the doors of a cage 60 years its junior?

The answer is hell no. The past lives and is capable of kickin some ass.

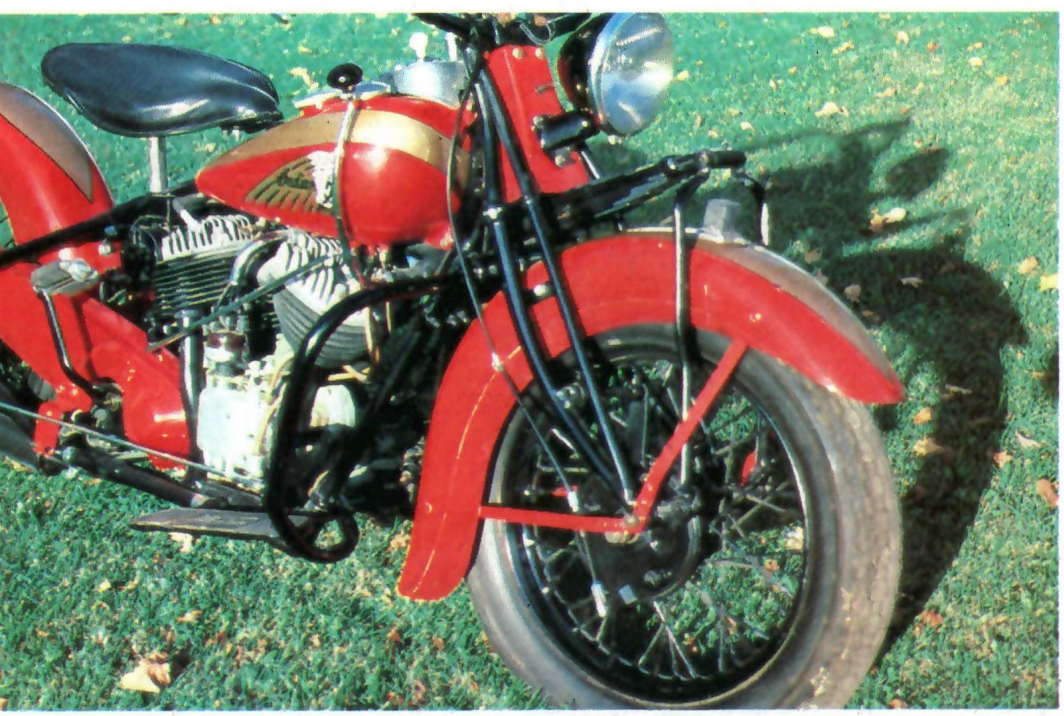
Balls, head of ABATE of Indiana, has had firsthand experience with that answer. He sent us these flix and told us of "a neat ol timer I was turned on to by a bro in southern Indiana." The bro, an older ex-clubber, introduced Balls to a retired railroad man on medical disability who turned out to be a mechanical and artistic genius. Unfortunately for the majority of us, the ol timer didn't want his name or location revealed, which ain't so eccentric when ya drink in these beauties and then consider that small minority of light-fingered scumbags out there who might be droolin over the same fotos. Each one of these Indians was built from the ground up usin either original parts or parts fabricated by the ol timer himself. But that's not what makes tha Indian Man so unique. As Balls puts it, "He farms nothing out; the old guy does the paint, machines the parts, welds the shit, makes everything and anything he needs. Hey, you say you can do that, but try putting it together from a black-and-white picture from a crumbled 1925 manual. No specs, no size, just a picture. The dude has an uncanny mind concerning Indian motorcycles. He has the sizes of almost every part in his head."

Did ya catch that? No blueprints—nothin but his 30 years of experience with Indians, plus his mechanical skill, and creative intuition. Shit, anybody can follow directions and bolt together enough metal parts to make a bike, ya gotta put yer mind to it that's for sure, but almost anybody can do it. It's when ya put that piece of yourself, when ya interact with your motorcycle that makes it truly special, and that's what makes the Indian Man special. He looks at his bike, looks at the manual, decides what he needs and then creates the part, as well as a dynamic relationship with his machine. The Indian Man has built 11 bikes this way and so it will come as no shock that he can't bring himself to part with any of em.

He also uses no commercial replica parts because as Balls put it, he tried em once but they just weren't good enough for his restorations. The integrity of the machine is his major concern and if he figures he can make the part better than store-bought then that's

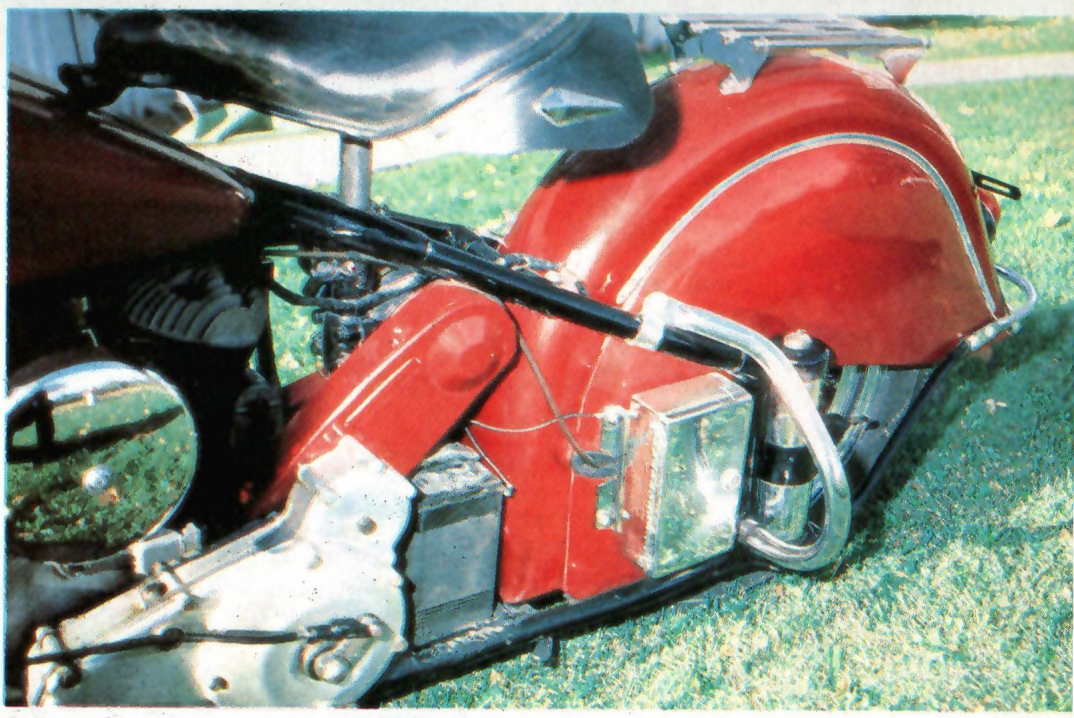
OPPOSITE PAGE: 1951 INDIAN CHIEF (top) AND OLD-TIMER '23 INDIAN

Indian



1939 INDIAN CHIEF

what he does. He made the streamlined fenders for this '51 Chief from sheet-metal and has made entire transmissions, gears and all, from scratch. All the painting and pinstriping is his—he just opens up his shop, turns on the fan and gets crackin with his camel hair brush.



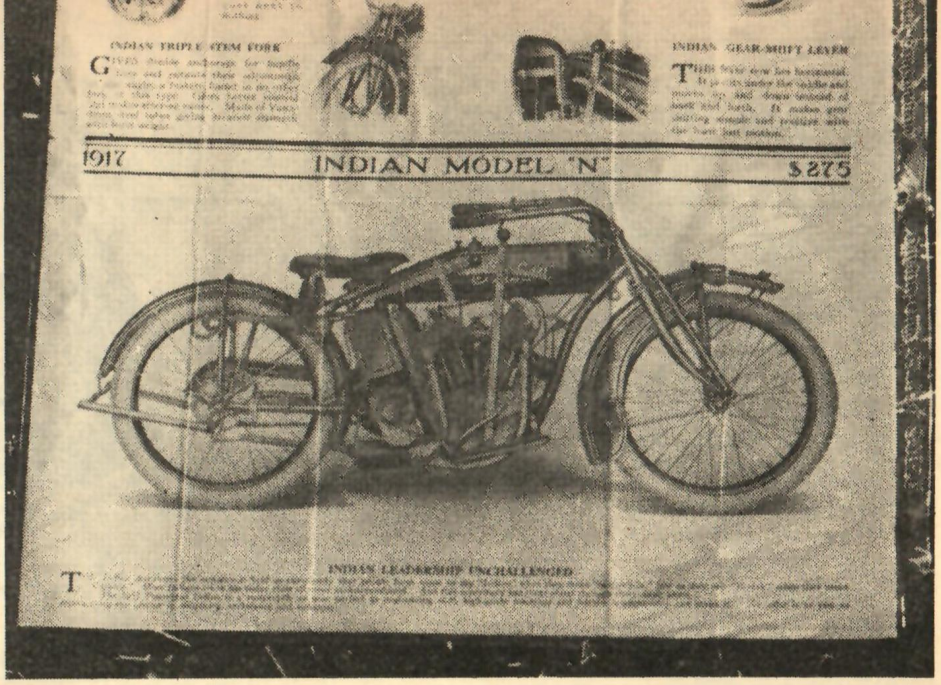
1946 INDIAN CHIEF

The garage that houses these great Redskins provides the perfect home for em—it's like walkin into a dealership of half a century ago. There's 30 years worth of trackin down parts and collectin Indian memorabilia reflecting his lifelong infatuation with the machine.

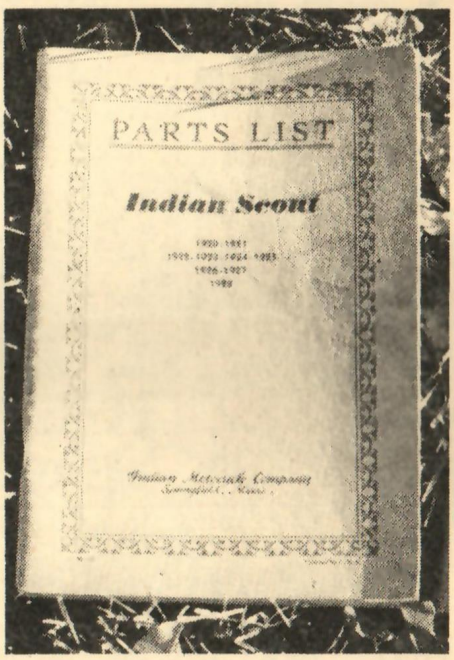
Indian

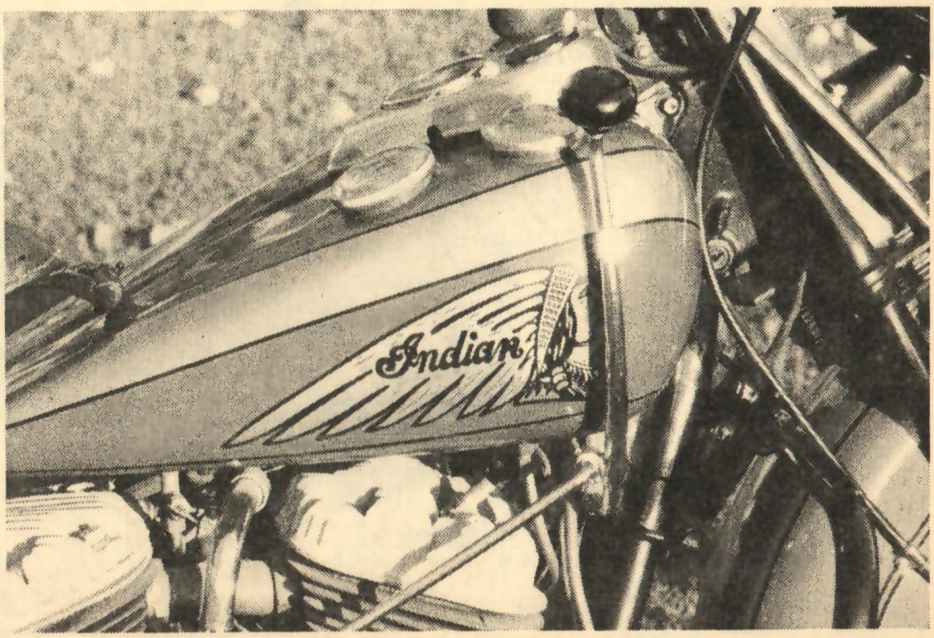
It's the only bike he's ever owned and the original clocks, art, manuals, letters, patches and photographs that line the walls could start ya thinkin yourself that it's the only bike in the world. Don't get the idea that this is some kind of museum though, cause nothin in the Indian Man's shop sits around long enough to collect a speck of dust—not him or his machines. The bikes are ridden daily around town or to nearby ralleys and shows, and the Indian Man tears em down periodically to keep em in top runnin condition. And if ya think that he's just kickin back in his old age enjoyin the spoils of his youth, dig this: he's got enough spare parts in his attic to build another dozen motorcycles, pullin more righteous Indians out of the cobwebs of time and puttin them in the here and now. After all, according to Balls, "he's literally given his life to Indian Motorcycles," and he ain't about to stop now just cause he's reached the age when most folks retire to their front porch rockin chair. Shit, bein a biker, he's just warmed up and hittin his stride at 60 and can now get to the things in life that really matter—buildin and ridin motorcycles, and feelin free. Too often people center their lives around a job that gives em nothin but money in exchange for their time and it's left up to them to put some meaning into their lives. If they ain't hip to that fact and depend on the job for fulfillment they usually wind up holdin the bag when retirement rolls around, and most of those rockers get pointed toward the graveyard. But not the Indian Man. He's too busy livin—creatin, producin, and sharin his knowledge to wonder if he's fulfilled or not. He does wave to those rockin chairs though, whenever he blasts by.

Another thing that keeps his shop jumpin is his habit of droppin everything in order to work on a Harley for a bro—for nothin! That's right, he likes Harleys, and if ya can keep him talkin long enough he'll overhaul yer Hog—just cause he loves to rap about Indians and share his years of experience. "I learned more about Indians and their history in four hours than most folks ever know in a lifetime," said Balls. The Indian Man doesn't open up to just anybody who comes along though, it took over an hour of rappin with Balls before he was coaxed into pushin his beautiful sleds outside to be photographed before the sun went down. The point bein that he ain't in this for any kind of fame or personal gain or what have ya...the bikes are first and foremost.



It would very easy and also very unfair and misleading to categorize the Indian Man as "quaint" or "nostalgic," or to stick a label like "last of a vanishing breed" or "a throwback to another era" on him. The fact is that he would be considered a unique individual by the inhabitants of any era. The Indian Man, whoever he is, is a principled, dedicated individual who sees the world in his own way, approaches it on his own terms, and belongs nowhere but right where he is. So if you're cruisin around the country roads of southern Indiana, and a big red Indian Roadmaster comes rumblin up beside ya—don't think twice, bro—just remember that nothing is past and no era is "vanished," because as long as one man is buildin and ridin and livin the life, then that life is far from "bygone"—it's alive and kickin.





OPPOSITE PAGE: 1951 INDIAN CHIEF

**When the Reaper draws near—
the world shudders with fear.**

REAPER'S RIDE

By Fuse

IT was a cold February morning when they let me through the gates of the Federal penitentiary. I had spent the last three-and-a-half years of my life there—for writing a threatening postcard and sending it through the mails to my ex-ol lady. I was drunk as shit, and at the time it seemed like a good idea. But I never figured I'd end up on the F.B.I.'s ten most wanted list. At least not for writing a fucking postcard!

To make matters worse, I had to get a redneck judge who hated bikers more'n dog shit. The only reason he hadn't given me the chair was because five years was the maximum penalty the law would allow.

Well, I was out now, a year-and-a-half early for good behavior and that's all that mattered to me. It didn't surprise me that no one was at the gates to greet me or to offer me a place to stay. I had no family and my ex-wife was married to one of the bros in the club I used to belong to. In fact, that slimy bitch gave him my old Harley Panhead and he had the club backing him, so there wasn't much I could do. They were all my enemies now, but I knew someday their time would come.

I headed out for the first gin mill I could find to spend the few bucks I had and to figure out what I was going to do for a crash pad. After walking a few miles in the cold, I found an old, run-down bar and I felt right at home. I ordered a shot of JD and a cold brew. By the second or third, I noticed this older, but not bad looking, woman staring me down. I smiled and she came over to shoot the shit.

After a few more drinks my tongue loosened up and I began to tell her my situation. Her story was somewhat the same, only her prison was the emptiness of her heart. She had been used and abused.

When we had finished exchanging stories, I didn't feel quite so bad anymore because I understood what she was telling me: life was too short to be feeling sorry for yourself. I had lost too much time already.

She told me her name was Mary and you could tell just by talking to her that she was good people. This made her an easy target for any smooth-talking dude who wanted to rip her off. We closed up the bar that night and she took me home with her. We spent two days of getting high, drinking, and fucking. She let me hole up with her until I got a job and back on my feet. That took about five weeks, then I paid her back. I wasn't out to rip her off. Even though I didn't love her, at least she knew she had a friend she could trust.

I finally had enough bread to get a room in a shitty rooming house. A few months later, I'd saved up enough to start looking for a basket case bike to work on. I went to a bike shop that sold used parts and talked to the old dude. He told me to pick out what I wanted and we'd talk price later.

As I tipped around through that warehouse of dead bikes, I was drawn to a secluded spot in the back. I kinda had the eerie feeling like I'd been there before. The spot I found was a cubbyhole covered with boxes of parts and frames. I really can't explain why, but I started to move and pull all of this shit out of the way. It was like that junk was stacked up and hiding something.

After fifteen minutes of work, I got my first look at a smashed up Harley Panhead. I could tell the bike had been

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SOUTHERNMOST
POINT
CONTINENTAL
U.S.A.
KEY WEST, FL

DOWN U.S. 1— THE TOY RUN IN THE SUN

From Key Largo to Key West

Words & Photos by Carl "The Rodent" Metzger

While much of the country was suffering through the harsh winter, Florida bikers were holding a Toy Run in the sun. Sponsored by the Southern Most Chapter of Florida ABATE, the "Toys For Tots" run kicked off in Key Largo on December 9 at the Caribbean Club and followed U.S. 1 down to

Marathon. After meeting up with other groups of bikers, it was on to Big Pine Key, then down the road and over the water to Bay Point for a rest and a beer break.

We waited there for the Monroe County Sheriff's escort, who got us down to the Key West city line. From there, the Key West police D.P. sheep-dogged us to the southern most point in the U.S. (less than 90 miles from Cuba) where the collected toys were presented to the Wesley House Child Care Center.

Then it was a mass parade down Duval Street to Emery's Front Porch for some cheap, cold beer. After 90 minutes or so, the police and Sheriff's D.P. escorted the partyin bros and their ladies back up the Keys to the Bay Point Inn, where there was food, beer and live music.

The kids got some toys, the bros got some partyin done, the ol ladies got some kinda outing and the iron got some exercise. Such is the life of a biker in the Florida Keys. It sure as hell beats watchin the snow pile up.

REAPER'S RIDE

Continued from p. 13

sitting there for many years because of all the dust and dirt that had accumulated on it. I cleared a space out and dragged the old wreck from her grave. As I looked the busted up, dirty bitch over, I could only imagine what a beautiful lady she could be. It was almost as if she were alive or had a spirit, the way that I was drawn to her. I immediately fell in love with her and would have paid anything to get her.

I walked back up to the front of the shop and got the old man to come see which bike I had chosen. When we reached the spot where the bike was sitting, the old dude's eyes went dark, like he'd seen a ghost. He didn't say a word for a long while as he stood there and stared. Finally, he broke his silence and told me that he had thought he'd destroyed that bike some fifteen years before. He went on to tell me that nine people had owned the bike and nine people had died on it, the last being his older brother. He said, "That bike is cursed and all who posses her shall die by her." I was impressed by what the old dude told me, but it just made me want her that much more. So again, I asked him how much he wanted for it and told him how I would be doing him a favor by taking that nasty ass bike off his hands.

He decided if I was so willing to die that was fine with him, long as he made some money off the deal. He then asked me how much money I had on me. I tallied up everything I had and came up with three hundred dollars. The old dude said the bike was mine under one condition. I had to have it out of there within one hour and never return for parts or with the bike. Sold to the man with the death wish, he said.

With help from a bro I worked with, we got the bike back to the rooming house and dragged it into my room. I wasted no time, and with some borrowed tools, I began to dismantle the bike carefully. It seemed funny, but I was treating her as if she were made of warm flesh, instead of cold steel.

That night I had dreams about this beautiful woman gently loving me. She was like no other woman I had ever had. Her body was as soft and smooth as that of a rose petal; in her eyes was the sparkle of love. Yet, an unmistakable aura of violence surrounded us when we were together.

I expected to wake up in come-soaked BVD's or something, but my dream had taken every drop of my love. I ended up having those dreams almost every night and, the more I had them, the more I wanted them. Actually, it got to be more than just wanting to have those dreams, I *had* to have them. It was like having a bad drug habit; I was addicted.

I worked on the bike for over a year, pumping every penny I had into restoring her. Every part was cleaned, polished, painted or chromed, one piece at a time. The fat bob tanks and fenders were painted special. They were two-toned with silver metal flake and black emeron panels with red pin stripes. The sides of the fat bobs were air brushed with pearls, candies and flip-flop paints of a woman's head. Her hair was blowing in the wind; planets and stars mingled in it. The portrait was almost 3-D, because with the flip-flops the planets and face would change. The face was so beautiful that you had to remind yourself it was only a painting. The eyes were soft and loving, but they could change into a hard, cold stare. There were also tears in her eyes. I put them there to remind myself of all the women I had hurt. I never wanted to make that mistake again.

Well, the time had finally come and the bike was all pieced together. I stood back and looked at my creation. She was everything I had ever dreamed of. I pushed her gently out of my room and through the door of the rooming house. The day was so beautiful, I wanted nothing more than to fire her up.

I filled up the custom chrome oil tank with sixty weight and put some premium in the fat bobs. Then I primed up the carburetor, turned the key on and the kick start pedal out and gave her one mighty kick. It didn't surprise me too much when she came to life on that one kick. I probably would have been pissed off if she didn't. I knew she wanted to be back in the wind as much as I did. And I also knew I was one of the best wrenches around. I made a few minor adjustments to fine tune her and I'll tell you, with all the years I had been around motorcycles, I had never heard one as healthy as this bitch.

With my left foot I kicked her in gear and we were off. I decided to take her on a good long test ride through some mountainous roads in upstate New York. Man, she was unreal. I never looked down at my speedometer, but I knew we were flying as I laid her down in those turns. I slowed her down to a nice cruising speed of about ninty-five or at least that's what the speedo read.

I had traveled this route many times

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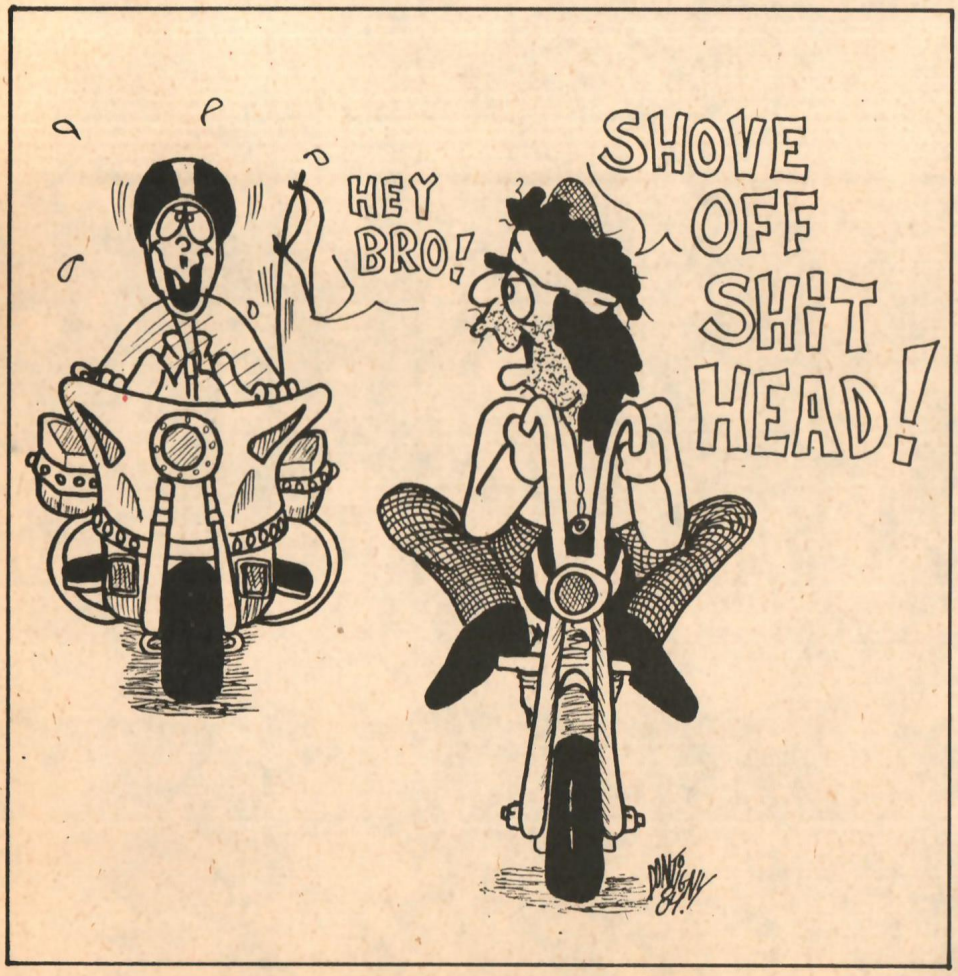
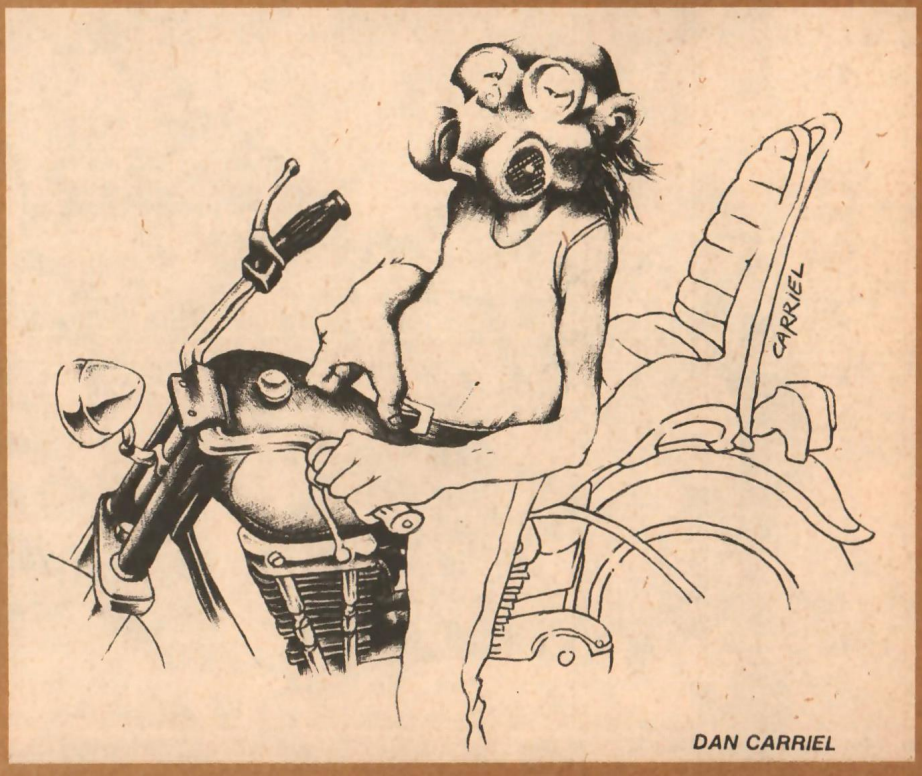


Scooter Art

DAN CARRIEL



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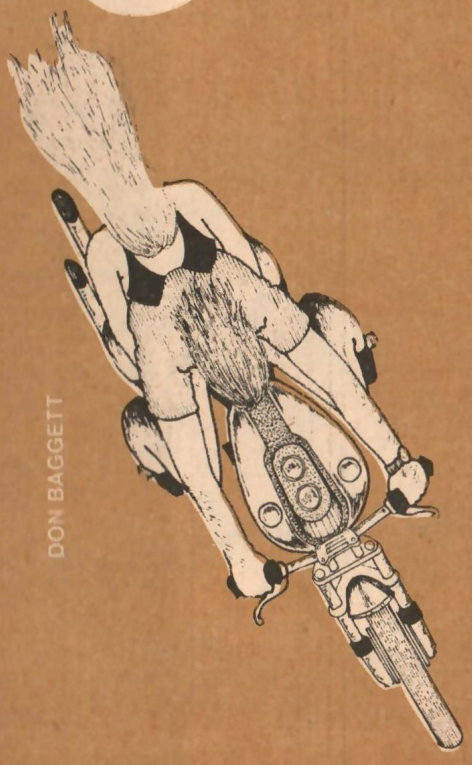
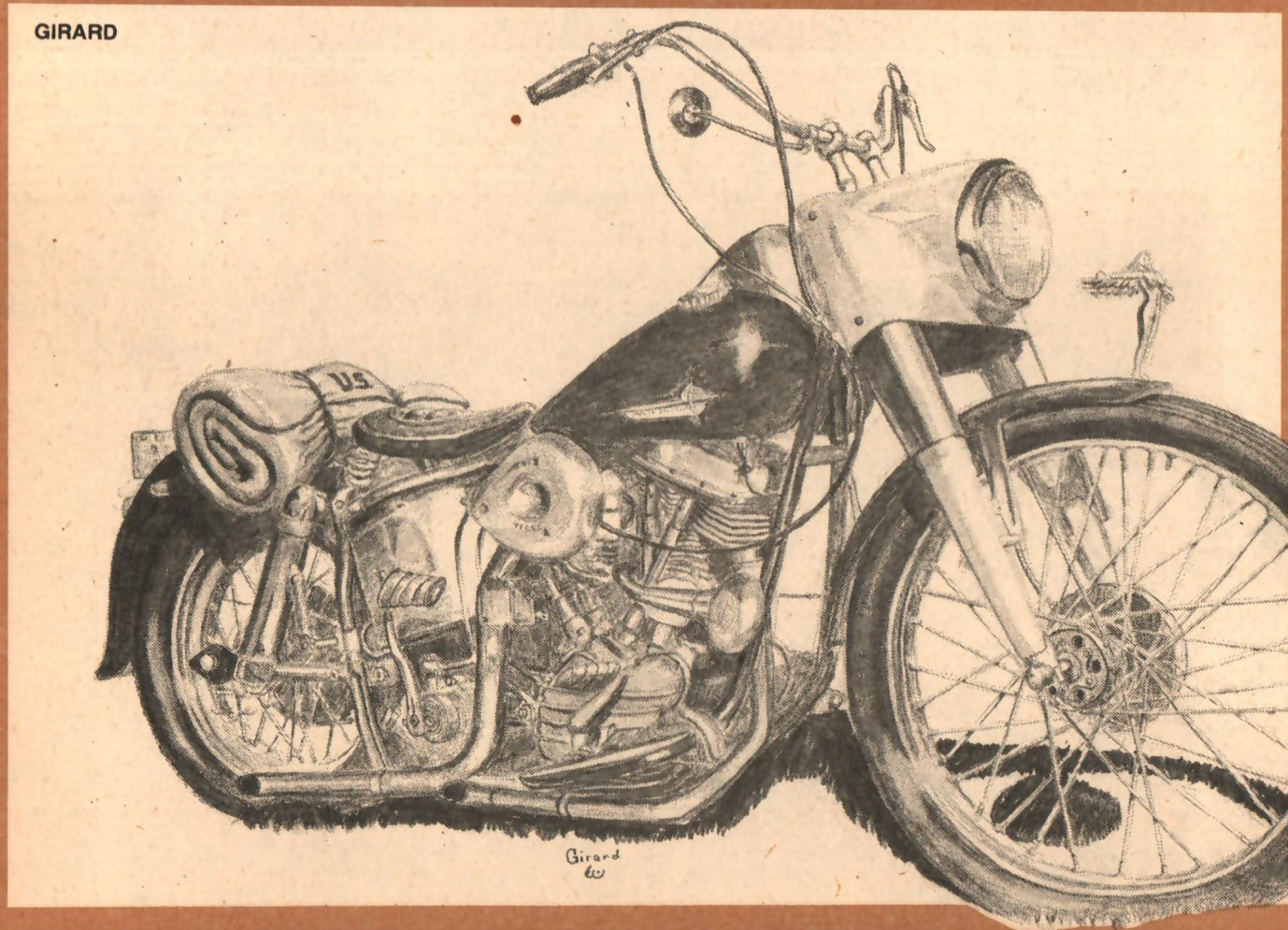


DON BAGGETT

DAN CARRIEL

GIRARD



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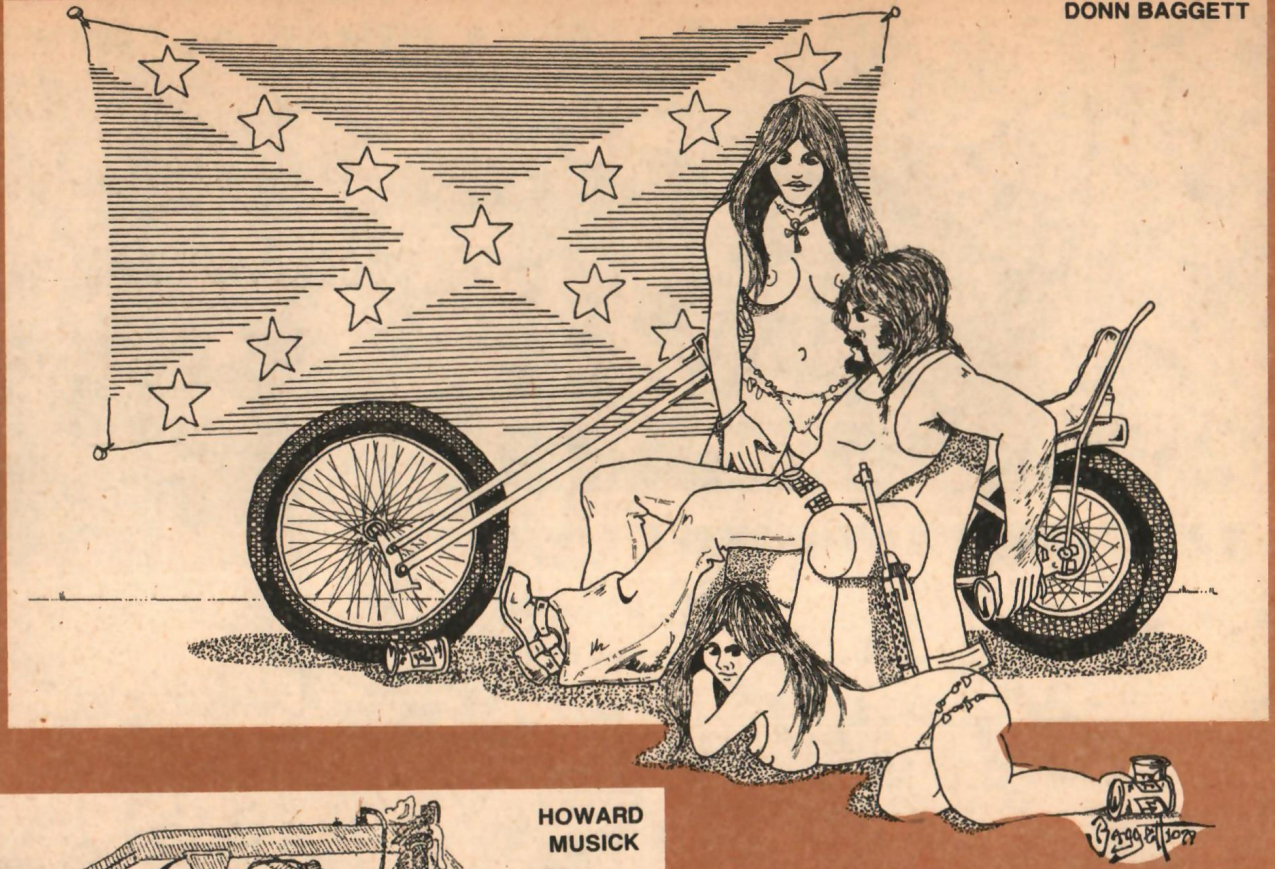
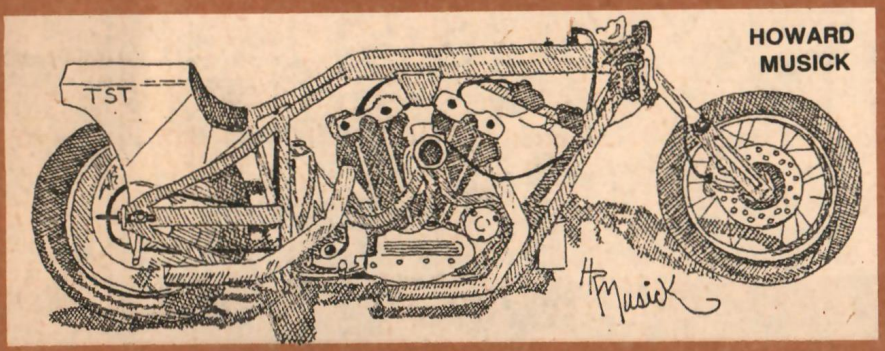


HOWARD MUSICK



RANDY ZALEWSKI

BAR

HAPPY HOUR

By Scamp

When ya inherit a bar, ya don't necessarily inherit the wind in yer face...

"Shaddup, fer Christsakes!" I yelled trying to get Fishface's screeching snotsuckers to quiet down. I was on the phone with some lawyer and I couldn't hear a fucking word. He said something about meeting him at 10:30, so I agreed; I didn't have a damn thing to lose.

After I hung up, I shambled through the kitchen where Fishface's rugrats were trying to destroy everything on the breakfast table. Their mother, Karen watched them without interest. Once a foxy brunette, Karen had let herself go, becoming nothing but a fat hag. She was staring into space while her coffee went cold and her cigarette turned to ash.

Walking quietly, hoping to avoid being noticed or becoming involved in any domestic scene until I could reach my basement hootch and fling clothes on my six-three carcass. I almost made it. But not quite. Jibbers, the unholiest toddler in all of Brooklyn, spotted me and hurled his spoon at me, attracting too much attention. I even got Karen's bleary-eyed gaze.

"Who wuz that on the phone?" she demanded.

"You're confusin me with the poor bastard who married you," I replied uneasily. Standing there in my goddam underwear in fronta all those kiddies was making me feel self-consciousness. Funny thing, I can waddle around at group argies with my dong danglin and never get a twinge of self-conscousness, but put me near a buncha nosepickers without my jeans on and I'm somebody's maiden aunt with her tit hanging out. "Fishface just lets me bunk here while I'm bucks down, "I continued. "I didn't sign any kinda contract to answer dumbfuck questions."

"Okay, ya goddamn mooch," she mumbled, trying to sip cold coffee like she enjoyed it. "Been here a fuckin month now and never offered to help with anything. Keep yer precious fuckin secrets."

Smiling blandly, I went to the dank basement where I began pulling worn threads onto my 225-pound hulk. I knew what was galling Karen. She hadn't been able to con me into her rack. Not that she hadn't tried with her grease-stained robes carelessly hangin open, revealing those mammoth boobs and a hairy cunt that looked like a goddamn roadkill. Or "accidentally" bumblin naked into the shitter—while I was showerin or reading a good trashbook on the john—coyly giggling and obviously hoping with all her faithless, horny little heart to be soundly raped.

Well, I'm a bastard in everybody's language, but I ain't bastard enough to hump the so-called wife of a bro who had sheltered and fed me—not even if he offered me money to service the repulsive sow. And I wasn't too sure it wouldn't come to that, in time, considerin how she nagged him for attention, and him with two nymphets to visit regularly up in the Bronx. Yes, "Boots" Murphy, I told myself, it's time you changed scenes. Maybe this lawyer can help with the transition.

Pushing my rat out through the basement entrace, I straddled it, started its mill and sat there, craving coffee and a smoke, while the thumper warmed in the still-chilly morning air. Most of the snow was gone, and riding was gonna be a lot safer than it had been all winter. Clunking into gear, I rolled forward, gently gunning the engine just as Karen appeared in the basement door, her mouth going as usual. Fortunately, I couldn't hear the bitch, so I just grinned stupidly, waved cheerily and went booking away from Fishface's deafening den of marital bliss.

Seven-minutes later I pulled into the station where Kingkong Shiller works. Leaving the bike at the pumps I entered the steamy-warm office. Kingkong sat frowning at the concrete floor. He's not noted for his intellectual skills, but then, he does stand six-seven, tips scales at 315, rides like a fat banshee and is a loyal bro in the bargain. So who's gonna hold a little chronic density against the big, helpful monster? Not me.

"Hi, Boots," Kingkong numbled, his gorilla face lifting to regard me with a wan smile. "Jesus, but I'm bored with this shit-job, y'know?"

I nodded. "I've gotta haul ass over ta Manhattan. Rap with my uncle's lawyer. Got this feelin I ain't comin back this way for a time. I need juice in the sled. Can do?"

"Still haven't found work, huh?"

"Haven't hunted it, shorty. My law is: let Life give curb service. Otherwise, fuck it and the mystical stream that carries turds and golden nuggets to those wise enough to wait."

"Shit, that's beautiful," Kingkong breathed, awed. Rising to his incredible heighth, he ambled toward the office doorway. "Sure, I kin top yer tank. Listen, man, how about I tag along? I've really had it with this fuckin job and I'm afraid I might end up losin my temper with the old bastard who owns the place."

"Can't have a red-blooded boy like you makin a bad name for bikers everywhere by splinterin a senior citizen's aging bones". I said. I groped into my jacket pocket and found my last stale cigarette, overlooked in better times. "I'm gonna have a smoke anc think sunny thoughts while you top both tanks, bro. Let's have some hot coffee, extra butts and full tanks on your ex-employer, hey?"

"Great idea, Boots!" yawped Mister Huge, wheeling and vanishing into the office where the cigarette and coffee machines awaited him.

The morning was warming brightly.

Abner Gerry, attorney at law, was a wisp of an old fart with a face of a ferret. He had darty little eyes, the color of gnat-shit, that could probably find loopholes in loopholes. He seemed somewhat agitated by our presence until we stopped looming over him and collapsed into the sinkable leather chairs apposite his antique desk.

"As I said on the phone," Gerry

wheezed, "I've been trying to get in touch with you for quite some time. Even before the reading of your uncle's will. You're a difficult man to locate, Mr. Murphy."

"If you think I'm hard to find," I said, grinning, my attention riveted on the fat envelope this little coot had taken from his desk drawer and all but shoved across the desk to me, "try locating poor old uncle Clement these days. Never saw him after I left home, but I'm sorry to hear he's gone."

"You've inherited seven-thousand dollars ..."

"God and Allah, sir, are dammed good. Separately or jammin together, just fucking wonderful good." I reached for the fat envelope, suddenly totally secure. Even with my greedy mind, seven grand was gonna last a whole month this time.

"That's not all," Gerry added.

My eyes widened.

"There's a tavern. Or bar of some kind. One of your late uncle's smaller properties. Called The Sandspit. A very old building I understand, but I've seen to it that the taxes and insurance were kept current." Gerry's tiny eyes flickered from me to Kingkong, who was softly snoring in the leather chair. "Your friend is...ah...very informal, isn't he?" Gerry said, shaking his head.

"An old biker's trick," I said, riffling through the thick wad of papers in the envelope and finding the pale blue check. A thrill of relief and joy tingled through me at the sight of the numbers. "A wink here, a few zees there—and he's as alert as a squad of benny addicts naked in an icy wind."

"Please sign this release for the certified check and the title to your property." Gerry held out a pen. I scribbled my name and lurched up.

"Front and center," I told Kingkong, pinching his big, brawny shoulder. His sleep-dulled eyes were almost hidden between the hairy low brows and the huge golden beard. "We're ridin into a whole new world, man!"

Kong grunted himself to his feet.

"Uh, listen," I said, realizing I wasn't familiar with the street address of the bar. I had barely looked at the title papers. "Just where the hell is this tavern?"

"Why, in Folly Beach," Gerry said.

"Folly Beach where? Never heard of the fuckin place."

"On Folly Island, South Carolina."

He might as well have said Mars. Nodding, I shagged out of the old fart's office, swearing never to return to Fishface's place even for the shabby, frayed shit I had stashed there. I decided to leave the tarnished, bare bones 22 caliber piece as delayed rent payment. The thing now, I decided, is find a bank to worship in and feel like a solid citizen again.

"We gonna book fer someplace, Boots?" Kong asked groggily, rubbing at his eyes with a balled, gigantic fist. "I need a brew."

"Suds, steak breakfasts and a direct route to our very own beer joint comin up, bro! I'll hafta change that name though. Maybe from *The Sandspit* to *The Shitpit*, and we'll feature mud-rasslin, arm-rasslin and all kindsa perverted fun for the loot-bearin patrons."

Kingkong yawned. "Sounds just crummy enough to keep a man interested. Whut am I gonna do?"

"Bounce uncool dipshits like they wuz rubber balls," I assured the big asshole. "And play with the girlies the rest of the time."

He gave me that slow, inhuman smirk that makes strong men shit in their pants and women faint.

At 11:31, two days later, we finally found the dammed place. It was on a narrow side-street leading to a foggy beach. It had a forlorn look to it. The itty-bitty neon sign over the front door was almost lost in the mists drifting past it.

"Gotta get a big goddamn" sign on that roof," I said aloud as we parked and chained the scoots. "Big and wild enough to be noticed clear back to this burg's dyin main stem, y'know?"

"Let's change the fuckin name to *The Armpit!*" Kong snickered, delighted with his own wit.

"I'll like to take the suggestion under advisement, as us classy businessmen put it, okay?"

"Put it up yer goddam ass," growled Killerkong, obviously hurt because I hadn't gotten the overjoyed, drizzlin shits at his suggestion. "I couldn't care fuckin less, man."

"Now, now," I soothed. "Save all that valuable hostility for the dumbfuck truckers, rednecks and twittery fags you'll be waltzin to the front door."

He gave me that hoarse giggle that puckers the rectums of rowdy trouble-makers who think they're black belt material. I'd seen that hideous giggle empty stools for ten-feet on either side of us in even the toughest biker bars. The kind of where you'd like to be twelve-feet tall before ordering a brew.

Inside the Sandspit was dim and far from crowded. In fact, considering the hour, it was goddamn deserted. As we shuffled toward the long bar, I estimated the place was roughly 50 by 200 feet; lots of unused booths along the left—hand wall; a forever bar stretching endlessly along the right—hand; a fully mirrored back bar. Maybe a grand total of six or seven doddering winos hunched listlessly over the fuckin bar with another two or three couples—all ginches—morosely whispering like they were planning suicide pacts.

The place was silent. No music. No clacking of pool balls. No dinging and ringing or clatter. It was, I realized, the deadest looking room I'd seen this side of a gook shack after a week-long fire fight.

"Thanks a fuckin bunch, Uncle Clem," I muttered, marching up to the bar and straddling the stool. Kookkong engulfed the stool next door with his half-vast behind, grumbling eerily as the short, fat and forty-ish redhead behind the bar waddled over to us. Sweet Christ on a holy little moped, I thought dourly. Pure diesel dyke, every sickenin inch of her. While she was still floundering laboriously in our direction, I glanced around the dump again—noticing now the three, cold-eyed broads lolly-gagging at the bar's end.

"We don't allow bikers in here," Miz Wiskey Tenor informed us, her expression clearly conveying the impression that our being male was probably the worst of our crimes. Shit, she looked more macho than we did.

"We're just wanna bes, Sam," I said, smiling. "Actually, we're really hang-arounds. If it'll get a coupla beers served, we'll be anything you can dream up—and I'll bet your gay little imagination can cover more strange roles than the Village has residents."

Effortlessly, she brought the shotgun up from behind the bar, aiming the fuckin thing right at us, her greeny eyes glittering with amusement. "How about I just wave this wand, you proud pricks, and turn you both into headless wonders? I said, no goddamn bikers!"

"I wanna speak with the manager," I said.

Kingkong farted three times in a row—a definite symtom that the greener was making him irate and that he might just grab it and stuff most of it up whichever holes he could find on this unpleasant version of American woman-hood, so I placed a restraining paw on his arm to remind him that, as new owner of this uncouth zoo, I didn't want the erzatz dude strewn across the premises.

"I'm the manager, shithead," she hissed.

"Not anymore," I promised quietly, "I seriously doubt uncle Clem Murphy learned enough about the wicked ways of the world—astute businessman or not—to have hired something like you to run a business into the sand. Anyway, if you shoot the new owner of this wall-to-wall nightmare, you'll be outa work with no terminal pay."

"What the livin hell you babblin about?"

Carefully, I spread the title papers on the bar, enjoyin the way her lardy face sagged

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as those pitless eyes scanned the credentials. As her ugly masculine features lifted from reading the papers, caution and hesitation ooched into her expression and the shotgun disappeared again behind the well-carved bar top. "You got ID?" she rasped.

"Goddammit," rumbled Kidkong, "I'm fuckin thirsty!"

Miz Manager motioned at the trio of harpies clustered nearby. The skinny, titless one, with her pinched face almost successfully hidden under the lousy wig, trotted obediently over to us.

"They want beers," snapped Miz Muscles.

"Jeez, you got no boobs at all," Koolkong observed. "I wanna beer served by some sassy whore with big jugs, dammit."

"Okay," Miz Defeated sighed wearily, shoving my ID and the title back to me. "Where do we go from here?"

"I'm not going anywhere. I'm stayin' right here and magically changing this no-profit, sad old barn into the best biker bar salt air ever corroded.." I accepted the foaming schooner from Flatchest, vaguely noting that she and the other two wenches had that screwy, furtive ungirl manner common to the human mice found tailing every diesel dyke worth her collection of dildos. "What's more, there ain't gonna be nothin but nice healthy, normal ladies—the kind that hunger for flesh and blood dorks, and who adore havin their love-cups gobbled—and righteous bikin brothers allowed within fifteen-feet of the entrance, front and back. Are you gettin the hetero-colored picture?"

"I guess I know when I'm licked," Miz Macho mumbled.

I nodded, grinning. "Sure bet you do, too. But I wouldn't do that to you with a gay little, furry anteater's tongue. Tell me how much you and the mousies have comin and I'll lay it on all of you, here and now, with a bonus for just wagglin your butts outa here, pronto."

It took less than I thought to pay them off. I was thinking New York wages while my ass was parked on South Carolina soil.

Mis Unemployed and her gaggle of hissy geese got as far as the door before she stopped, gazing venomously back at me. "Enjoy your goddam straight bar," she said, her thick-lipped mouth working with restrained fury, "while it lasts—which might not be too long!"

I raised my nearly emptied schooner to her, and then I swung around on the wobbly stool until I faced the human debris still tainting the premises. "Bar's closed, folks," I said. "We're health officers and we just located this establishment as the major source of a new viral mix—Aids-and leprosy. Your family medics will hafta take it from there."

They nearly hurt each other, departing hurriedly.

Many phone calls, the rest of the seven thou and a month later, *Murphy's Muckpit* was well on its way to regional fame and fiscal success. Not that the local Chamber of Commerce was thrilled. Nor the Merchants' Association. Until they, too, began sharing in the heavy dollar-flow that all the bikers—from up and down the entire East Cost—brought, having heard and seen the ads I put on radio and billboards with the loan obtained using the bar as collateral. The banker was real dubious about that loan until Kluckkong tromped into his office, demanding to know, as a full partner, what the coozin, God-fucking-damn—hell was takin so long to float a lousy little loan of ten grand? He glowered a few microseconds at that stricken banker and—presto—business proceeded as though we had both been *born* in the rotten dumb-fuck town.

Summer arrived in full tilt and Folly Island seethed with bikers, bikers and more bikers. It got so good that another biker-bar blossomed down the beach which actually increased our volume of trade because the dolts at the other place didn't have our mud-pits, our energetic, curvy little trollops squishing and writhing sensually—heating up the male customers until their beards smoked and their eyeballs steamed.

"Ain't this fuckin' fine?" Kingkong asked, while a mammoth crowd filled the saloon until the wall-studs creaked. His broad, simple face beamed with satisfaction. I considered cluing him to my thoughts, but decided against it on the grounds there are some things no senior partner should tell a junior partner—particularly one who just isn't burdened with smarts and likes to brag a lot.

"What's so goddammed fine about it?" I said sourly, looking up from a fresh batch of solution in the sink where I was washing glasses like a workfreak. "I'm bustin' my nuts because we can't find reliable help. You're bustin your butt because these bros and sisters are gettin shitfaced twice as fast as they might everywhere else. You call this livin? Shit, I've been here, behind this fuckin bar, for 11 hours, dipshit. And I've still got receipts to count, books to tally and enough piled up paperwork to keep three educated slaves goin around the pissin clock."

"Yuh don't sound happy, Boots," he said gravely.

I glared at the big dummy. "When was the last fuckin time you or I rode a scoot? Took a full day's bookin to anywhere, fer crissakes?"

"I'll bet you miss the city as much as I do," he said, lowering his voice. "Maybe you were happier even, bein flat-ass broke and scufflin fer gas and juice and weed."

"Maybe," I said, "You just might be awful goddamn smart for an outsized moron."

He barged back into the noisy mob, glancing repeatedly over his shoulder at me with sad, reproachful eyes. Ten minutes later he was gleefully hurling guys my size out the entrance as though they were made of lightweight plastic. I sighed. I was getting dammed tired of waiting for what I'd been waiting to see happen. Yet instinct reassured me it could and would happen.

And it did, just before dawn that same night.

Being a light sleeper, the stealthy footsteps outside the window of the apartment behind the bar's building—which I shared with Kingkong, the dolls we each brought back there for applied lust and minor chores, and all the bros from home with whom we were the tightest—brought me right out of a dull dream. Tensely awake, I went to a window and peeed out. I could see four several figures sneaking out of the bar's rear door, leaving it ajar.

"Well, goddamn!" I rejoiced. "Finally!"

Abruptly, the heaviest figure ran across a bright patch of moonlight. I recognized Miz Queerland, herself—and I relaxed for the first time in weeks. Pulling on pants, I went to Kongfucker's room where he was still entangled with three little, loudly snoring ladies—and I woke them up. Then I went to the kitchen area of our bar. The main room was nicely ablaze. The flames were fattening quickly on all that super-old, super-dry wood construction. It wasn't going to take long to burn the whole place to the goddam ground.

We had been torched by pros. The rinky-dink local Fire Department would never get there in time, thank God!

Another month had taken forever to pass, but now all the investigations were history. The New York City skyline was just beginning to take shape in the pall of smog ahead as Kingkong and I rolled toward it. We were impatient to be back once more in the heat, the God-awful humidity and the insanity of life among millions of assholes just like myself who wouldn't trade Heaven or Nirvana for old New York.

Murphy's Muckpit was just a pile of ashes and broken glass, but at least there was no fuckin sweat-producin labor to do anymore. I was seriously lookin forward to bein on the *other* side of the bar from now on.

Thanks to those evil-minded dykes and their thirst for revenge, I was bookin towards the big town with a big lump in my wallet—a check from the insurance company in the amount of $177,000.

And hey, Uncle Clem, wherever you are, thanks to you, too. Now it's really gonna be Happy Hour.□

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Scrawls Off The Wall

The Reaper was hustlin a college girl at The Dribble Inn one night and didn't bat an eye when the cunt whispered to him, "Let's make love."

He punched her in the belly, causin her to lose her cookies, rabbit-chopped her in the neck so she collapsed flat on the floor, poured a bucket of stale beer on her, took a dump in her mouth, busted her ribs with a pool cue, and hurled her out the front door into the path of an oncomin chopper which run over her arm, bustin it in three places.

Five minutes later, the curvy little sophomore brushed herself off with her one good arm, spat out his shit, wrung out the stale beer, and staggered back into the bar.

Teetering at the door, she screamed at him, "Enough foreplay. Let's fuckin make LOVE!"

Reaper
Redwood, Calif.

Poison John picked up a local college girl at the Hangout and wasn't a bit surprised when she said to him, "Make love to me, baby!"

At 6'8", and a mass o' muscle, beard, and tattoos, Poison was used to bein hit on by bitches.

So he raised up his ham of a fist, whopped the chick across two tables, went over and kicked her in the face, jammed a coke bottle up her asshole, pissed on her tits, picked her up and flung her out the backdoor of the bar into a pile of garbage.

Five minutes later, the college bitch picked herself up and brushed off all the garbage, squeezed out all the piss, wiped off all the blood, spat two teeth into the pavement, staggered back into the bar.

Seein her sobbin away in the corner, Poison looked genuinely shocked and hurt. "Shit, baby, I'm awful sorry. I misunderstood ya. I thought ya wannid ta make love."

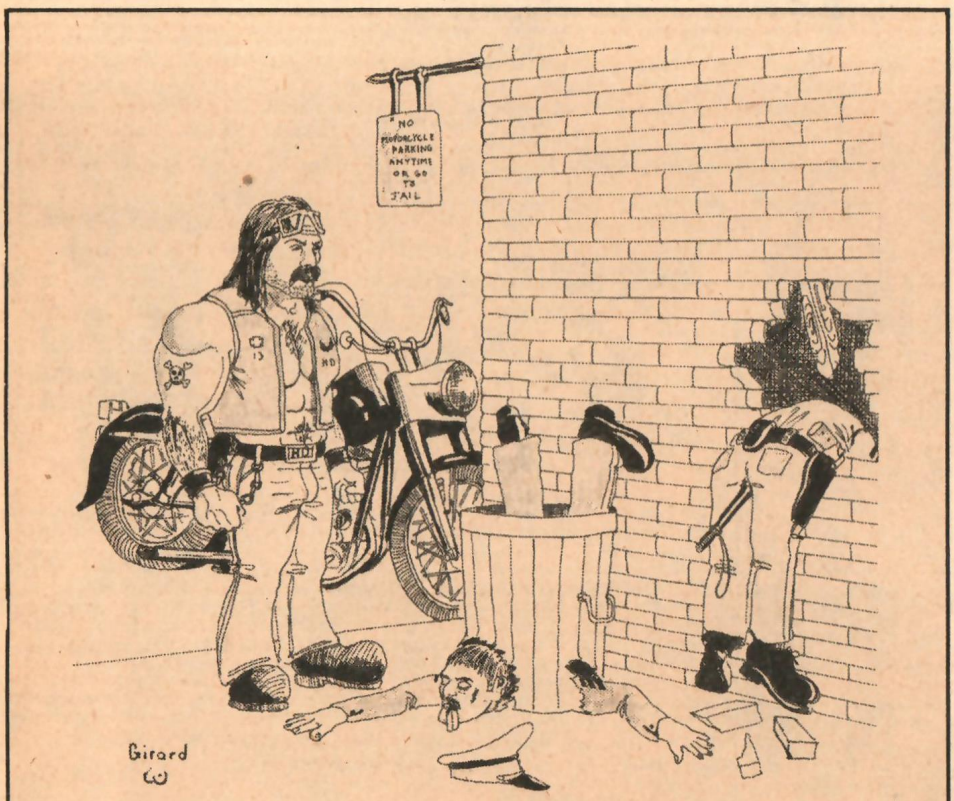
Poison John
Tucson, Arizona

Funny Farm was workin on a college girl at the bar at the Shit stain Saloon and took it in stride when the bitch leaned over to him and said, "Let's make love."

He bent over to give her a kiss but she put her arm between them and said, "No. Not that way. I want ya ta punch me upside the head with yer fist, kick me in the cunt with yer pointy boots, batter my boobs with a tire iron, chain me ta the back o' yer panhead and drag me up Main Street nude, bite my clit until it bleeds, piss down my throat, and run yer scoot up my spine until ya pop a vertabree."

Funny Farm did just as he was told. He uncorked a right to the face that cracked her cheekbone, pounded his boot into her pussy until he hit her kidney, beat her tits blood-red with his tire iron, dragged her up Main Street face down on the asphalt, chewed off her button and spit it inta a sewer, and took a two-minute pee into her mouth By this time, however, he was falling deeply in love, and figgered she'd had just about enough. So he turned tail on his scoot and headed back home. The funky bitch raised herself slowly from the ground and began to shout after him. "Fuckin FAGGOT! Won't run me over, huh! Ya fuckin WIMP! I gonna find me a *real* man!"

Funny Farm
Bozeman, Montana



"Ya have da right ta remain silent...."

Twelve state smokeys surrounded Guts and his ol lady, Deepthroat, while they were sleepin one night in a State Park near Cesspool, Oklahoma.

"Get up, scooter slime," barked the moneky-in-chief. "Ya worthless, ass-reamin, child-molestin, sterno-swillin, pus-oozin, fag-jumpin, mother-humpin mound o' mule turd. Prepares ta meet yer maker while we make yer mama."

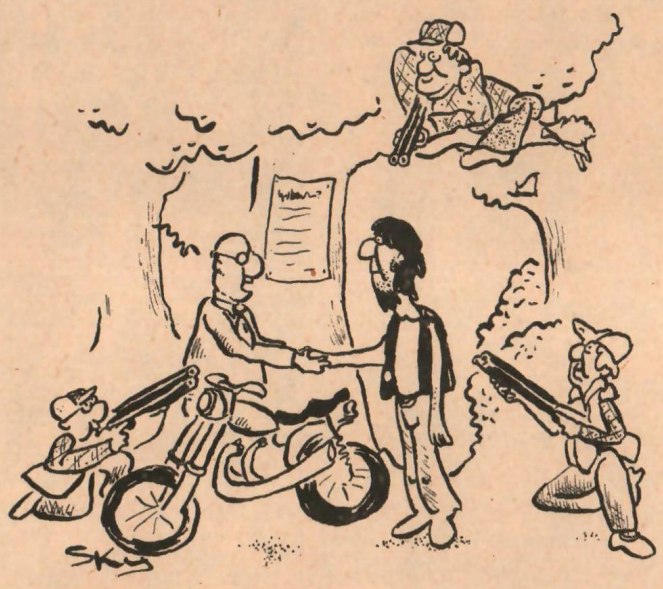
Then they commenced to shoot him a half-dozen times with their deer guns.

That made Guts mighty mad.

He leaped up, tore out two or three eyeballs, busted a couple heads, ripped off some legs, and was winning the fight all right until a sergeant run him over with a police vehicle and left the still-swinging biker pinned under its wheels.

Then they proceeded ta rape his ol lady three times each in every hole in her body and cut up her pussy with a chainsaw.

Which croaked her.



"As mayor of this city, I'd like to personally welcome you to the opening of the mortorcycle season!"

That made Guts even madder. He flipped the cop car off his back, attacked the bastards with renewed vengeances, yanked off a couple a ears, busted three or four backbones, stuck his fist through somebody's head, and ripped out one fucker's liver through his asshole.

He was doin just fine, too, until one of the cops nailed him in the knees with an elephant gun.

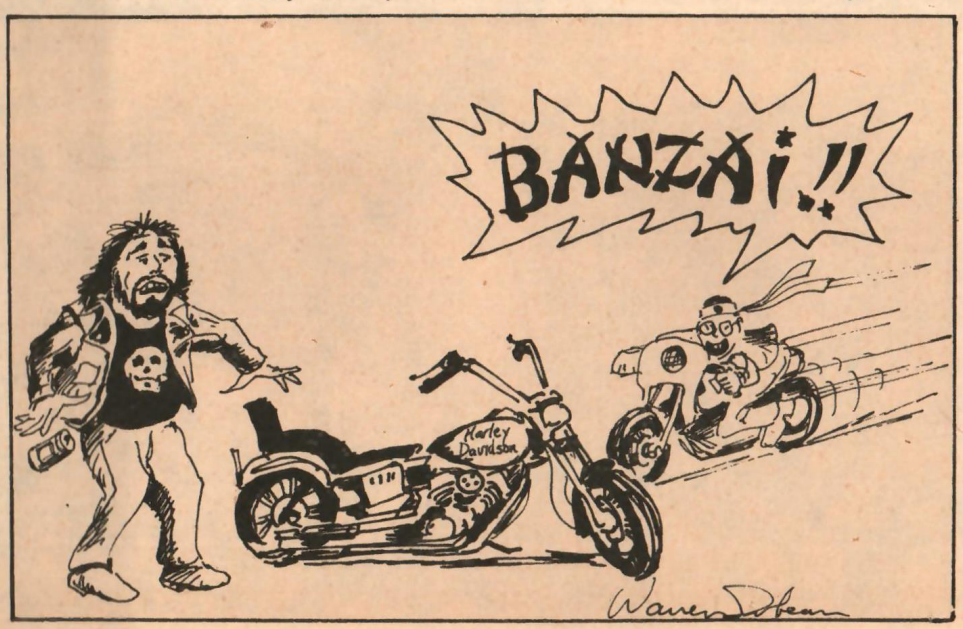
Soon's Guts went down, the officers dug a large hole and buried him up to his head in it. Then they lined up on both sides and proceeded to run up and bash him in the face with their nightsticks.

All's Guts did was to strain his head way up and begin to bite their balls off.

That was too much for the cops, who stuck a stick o' dynamite in the hole where Guts' nose used to be and blew his head off.

"Fucker just didn't know how to fight FAIR," said the Captin.

—Tribunal of Ten
Gateway, Florida



Mr. Tramp

Continued from p. 52

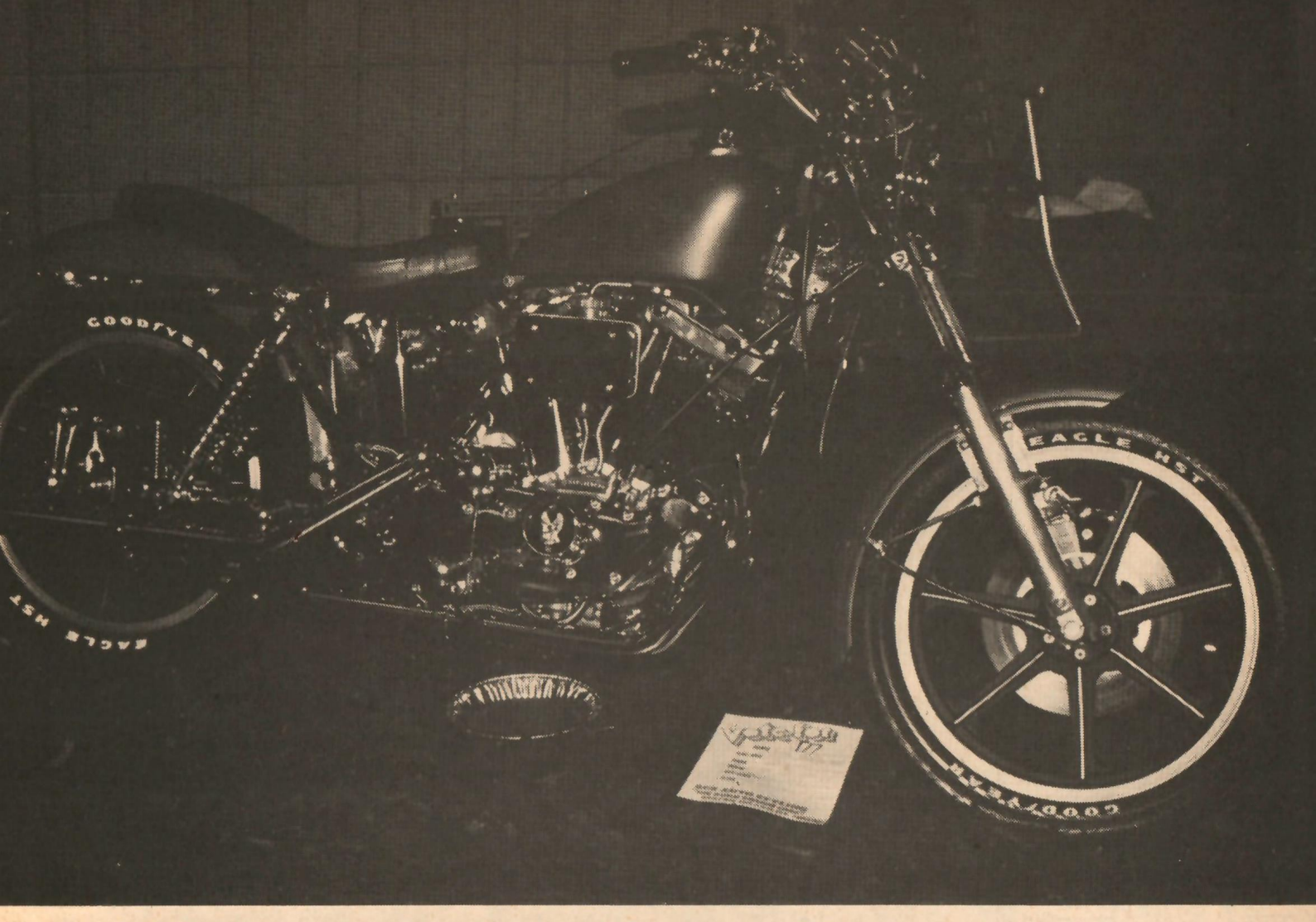
missed by the ladies he loved so much. His friend Billy Tinney, the photographer, said he never knew anyone that enjoyed the ladies more than Tramp. And in fact it was Tramp who lined up models for Tinney to shoot. "He helped me with four or five girl features and at least three covers," Tinney says. "I couldn't have done it without him."

That was the start of Tramp's career in photography. "I always had an outstanding Kodak habit," he told me. But he had contented himself with setting up models, studios and equipment for other people. Then one day, he and Tinney were in Daytona and Tinney went into a camera store and came out with a Canon Sure Shot and just gave it to Tramp saying, "Here, you see a lot of girls. Take pictures." "That same day," said Tramp, "I saw the man from *Time* using the same kind of camera and thought, if he can do it, I can do it. And away I've gone. With Tinney's unspoken direction, I got my education. I laugh a lot, but I'm not doin too bad."

Not bad at all. If ya cast yer eyes over the set we're runnin here—Tramp's last—ya can see how good he was. And it's fittin that this last set was taken out in the sun, by the shores of a lake on a perfect day. The reason for the pictures is to feature a new bike owned by Tramp's friend Arnold. Tramp got a kick out of the designs on the bike—the cockroach drinkin beer and a rear fender shaped like a woman in a corset, but with cat's whiskers and ears—so's Arnold would never be without his drinkin buddy and pussy.

About that day, Tramp said he and Arnold and the two l'il hardbellies had one hell of a party. "I enjoyed foggin up my glasses and sweatin out there," he said, laughing. It's too bad that day had to end. It's too bad it all had to end...

I talked to him Thursday night. He was dead on Sunday. But he will live on through his work, through his friends and through the people whose lives he touched. Right now in Harley Heaven he's thinkin up tattoos for the bros and decidin that the Pearly Gates would look better with a splash of color and maybe some designs. If ya notice that the clouds are pink and the sky is too blue to be real, then you'll know that Mr. Tramp's at work.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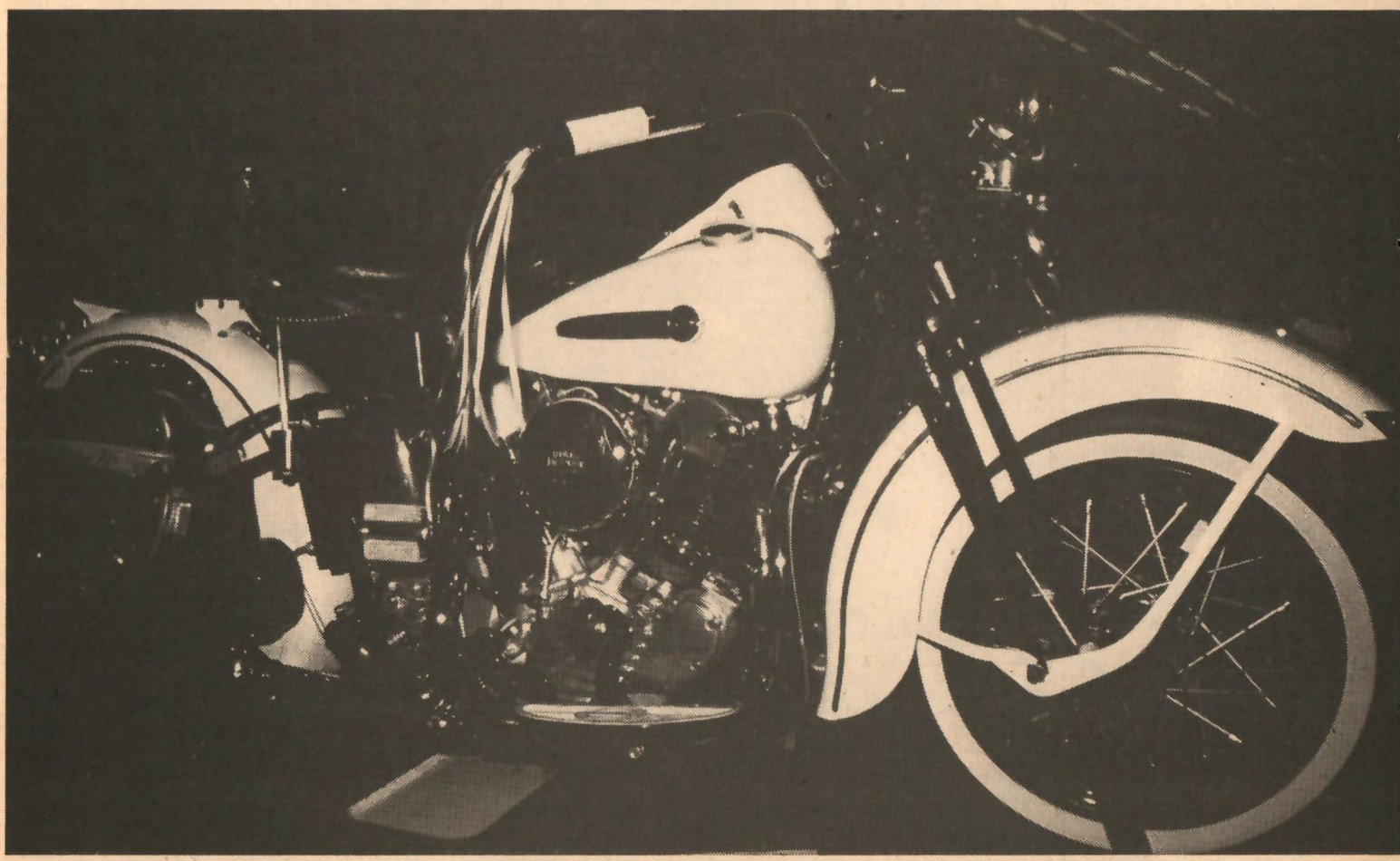
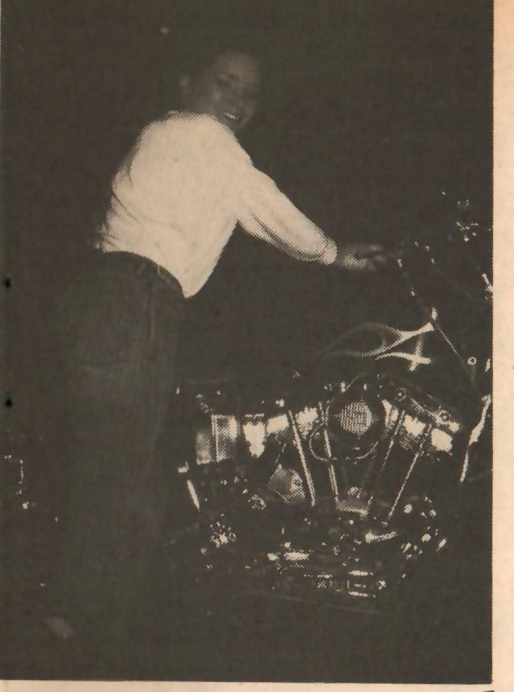




CHOPPER HEAVEN

Iron Horse Drops By NYC's Custom Bike Show.

Words By Baser Buford *Photos By WW and Fatbob Hanson*

Lotta bros beef about New York's Custom Car 'n Bike Show. Allen "Sludge" McCarthy, who swabs the deck here at the Clubhouse, plain out refuses ta attend.

"Ya call it a bike show when ya got 900-foot-high semis with a planetarium inside the cab or cutesy little Vettes that look like they should be parked on somebody's weddin cake? If I wanna keep uptadate on quiche-style cages, I'll hang out at the local burger joint Saturday nights."

Dude's got a point, even if it's on the top of his head...This year's version of the Naked City's swap meet did have the usual Ralph Sampson-sized 18-wheelers and chopped up imported cages along with such nonsense as Sgt. Slaughter's stretch panzer limo and a trike sculpted like a Viking boat to bear Hagar the Horrible.

On the other hand, the show had, fer the first time, the finest scooter cunt ever put together fer one bike show. I'm referrin, o'course, to **IRON HORSE**'s own Covergirl Club, which was represented at this magazine's first-ever display. What we displayed was a bunch of no-good editors gettin stupefied on brew 'n brandy and a half-dozen luscious splittails tryin to keep from bustin outta their leathers.

On hand fer the event were Covergirl Raven de la Croix, the Stripper of the Eighties and the ex-wife of a West Coast HA. Raven signed a zillion autographs, took umpteen flicks with local attendees and found time to visit her "family" on the floor upstairs. The Angels' display, gathered under a huge American flag, was a collection of a dozen or so leg-wettin street hogs.

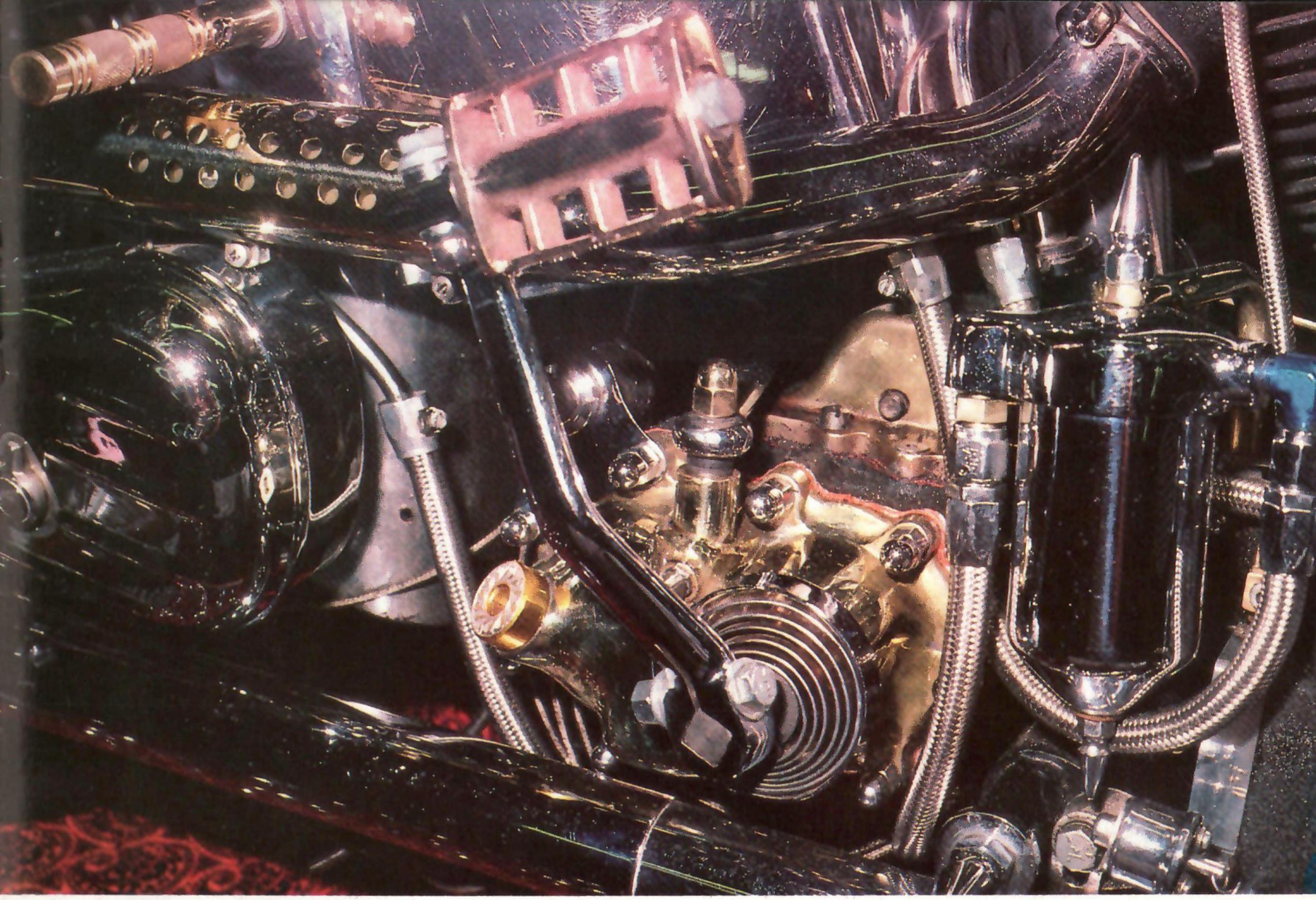
Also in attendance, Titty Tami of Memphis, a past **IRON HORSE** covercunt, who was reunited with "Just Class," a magnificent specimen of **IRON HORSE** cover iron which, not unexpectedly, won first prize at the show. Titty wore a dress that was so tight ya could see the outline of her ovaries on her skirt.

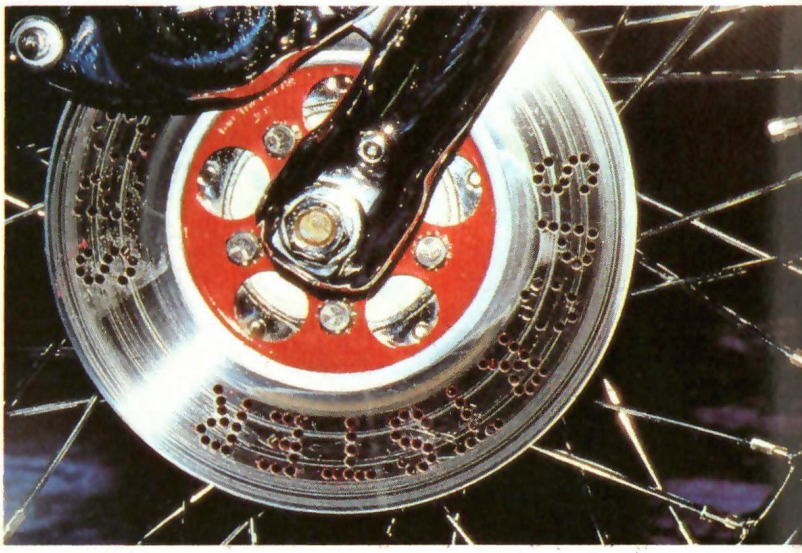
Elana Evans, featured on a recent cover with Tattoo Danny's thigh-tinglin "X-rated," took time off from her busy schedule of suckin dick and swallowin semen fer the pornflix, to greet her fans at the *IH* stand. Elana, who towers some six foot into the stratosphere, got a lot of interestin invitations to make home biker movies with some of the locals. She handed all the offers over to her agent who is said to be takin'm all under advisement.

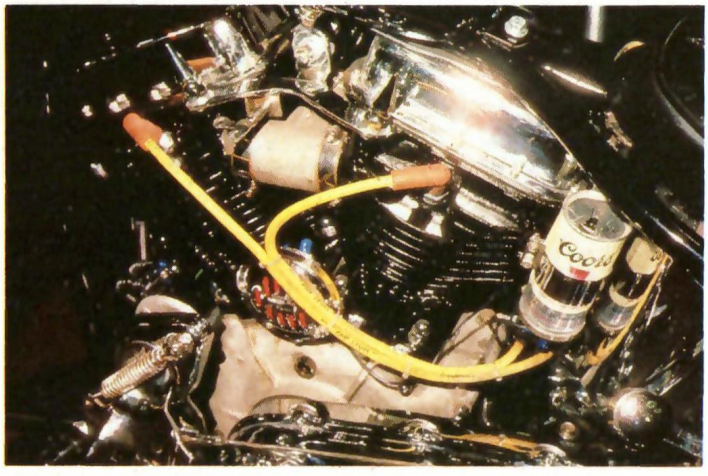
Barbie March, the recent coverslit who posed fer nasty pictures in order to get over the trauma of bein gang-raped by scooter trash at the age of 15, continued her road back by greetin the crowds in a see-through top that left little of her watermelon-sized chestbumps to the imagination. She received many offers for train-pull therapy, but declined them respectfully and signed a passel of nude pix fer her fans.

The last kitten in the **IRON HORSE** pussy patrol was Barbie Harley of the Bronx who wore a top that was so low-cut that a couple of bros fell in and were never heard from again. Although

HARLEY-
DAVIDSON
HARLEY-
DA
MOR
SURF BICYCLES
ATHER BE RIDING!







N HEAD
OVEL TOP

Barbie has never posed b.a. fer the rag, she's definitely got the goods and there's a reward fer the reader who kin write her a letter that would talk her inta it.

Now we don't mean ta imply the show wuz all titty and customs cages. Not by a long shot. Rolling Thunder had some very righteous rides on display. Jimmy of Jar Choppers brought his famous Star Wars machine and the Angels showcased a whole rack of magnificent iron under their king-sized Star Spangled Banner. Rich Leonard, our favorite engraver, had his beautifully etched beast in stride (it's on the cover this month).

Show seemed a little short on really radicalized hogs, but it was full, indeed, of great street machines.

The event ended on a hilarious note when our foto editor, the notorious "Fatbob" Hanson, wuz discovered laid out all nice and purty in a pool of blood on the Coliseum's second floor.

Sufferin from a cracked hatrack and multiple contusions of the ego, our lensbro landed camera up and was snappin away from floor-level up every skirt he could find.

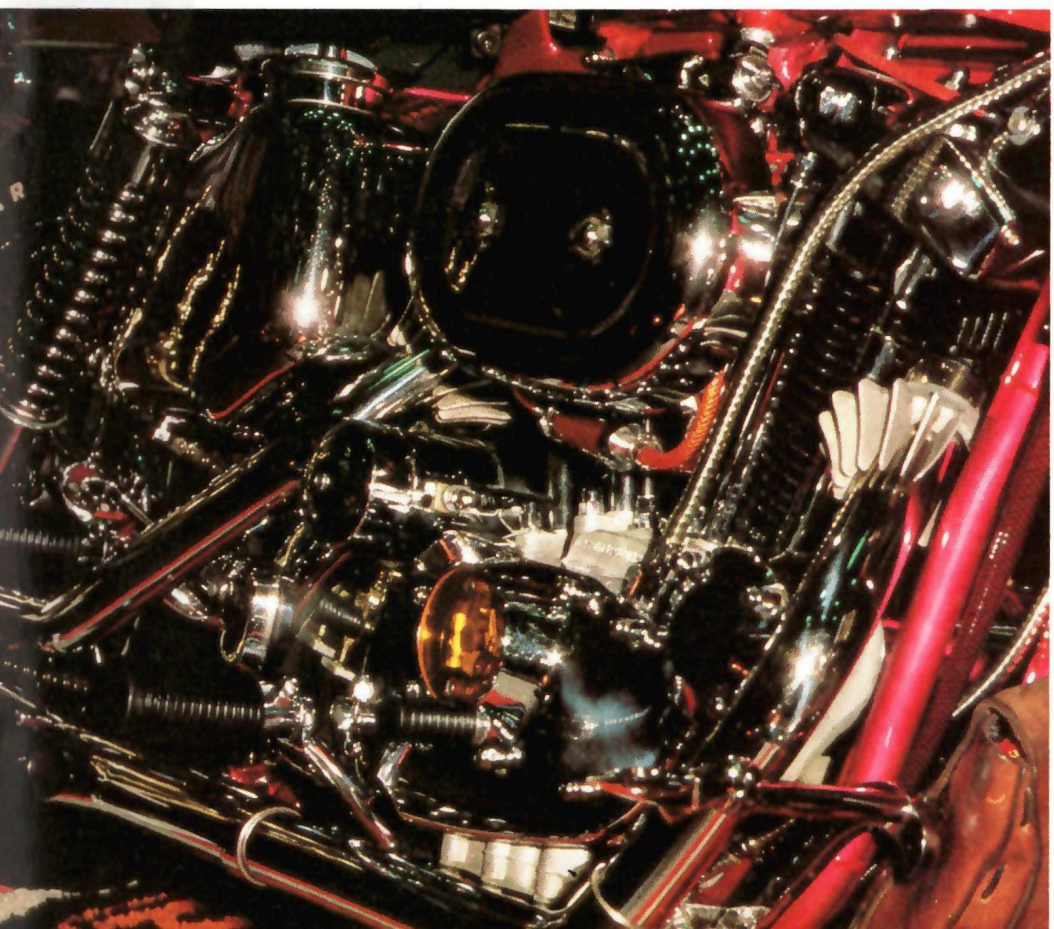
Great debates ranged bout how he got there. Did he jump or wuzzy pushed? We took a random sampling of some **IH** staffers who were on the scene:

Susan "Looselips" Jones, receptionist: "Bullpuckee! It's a typical Fatbob sting, take my word fer it! It's an ol trick'n he's used it on me a zillion times. He tells ya he's drunk'n then at some point he kinduv flops over onta ya. Alluv him's supposedly paralyzed ceptin his digits, dig. Them little boogers is workin overtime doin the sweaty samba over yer bones, see? N'every time ya tell him ta keep his mitz ta hisself, all's he says is, "Sorry, I'ze so shitfaced I gezz I don't know what I'ze doin. Meanwhile he's coppin more feels than the house medic in a hernia factory. I still say we

shoulda little the ol shitstain lie there all week!"

"Gonzo" Gilbert: "I seen him hustlin this lady steamfitter'n I knowed the ol stewball wuz all set fer big trouble. Frankly, I was surprised ta see'm still standin up at five o'clock. That's gotta be a world record fer him. O'course, we all know that sometimes he can't turn off the motor-drive in his Brownie so's he's got ta keep workin til the battery runs down. This gotta be one of em times, I gezz. I figger one kiss from that big-lipped steamfitter on his little wickie and down he went...I'm tellin ya, when the splittails go down ol Fatso goes, too."

"Snaggletoof" Wiggins, copy boy: "I figger he was clocked. Bout three in the pee-em I seen him beefin with some fruitcake bout how cages ain't no more'n expensive road apples. The Wimpyburger had this quiche-burnin sportscar in the show and was threatenin ta pop ol Bob with his hand-bag so Fats bopped him upside the



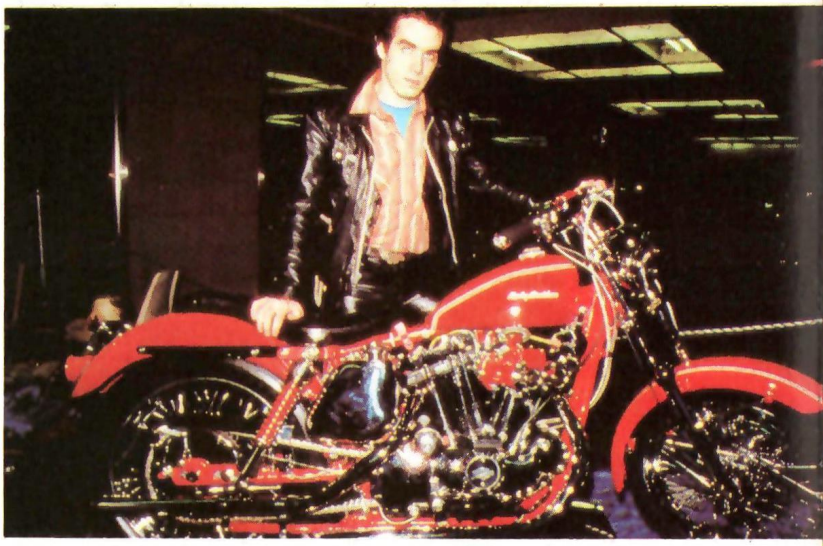
mug with a brick o' Kodak 64. Brucey went down (which I figger was par fer the course with'm) and the last I saw wuz the dicklicker threatenin to send Fatbob to HumpAss Heaven in a barrage of powder puffs. I figger him'n his buddies scarfed the poor bastard inta unconsciousness."

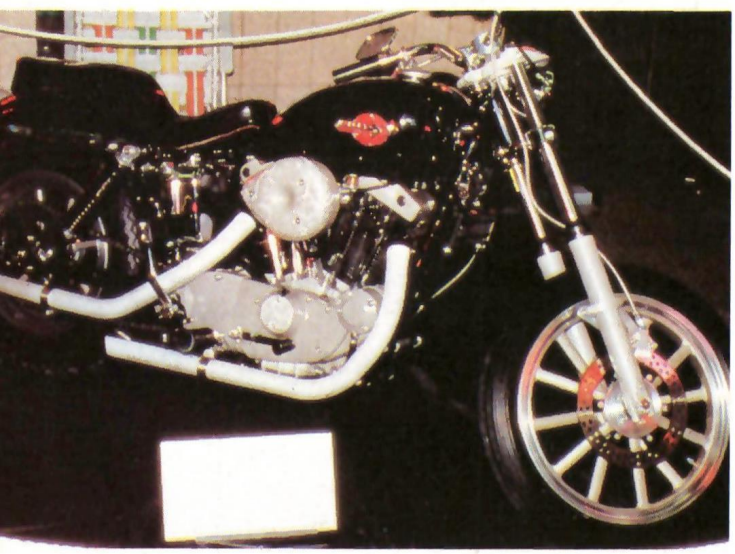
Littlejawn Littleton, editor-on-occasion: "Who gives a shit anyhoo? Ya got another dooby? Ya got another photographer?"

Rocco "Mousehouse" Lapaloma: "He was jus nappin. Blood runs from his bones as a matter of course. Sleep, bleed, wake up, drink, snap a few flix fer the rag, sleep, bleed... That's Fatbob's life."

Barbie Harley, model and impromptu nurse: "Don't know what sent him down. All's I know is I never had no dude's head get caught in my cleavage before. Next time get a photographer with a smaller head or grease up his skull before ya sends him out on assignment."□

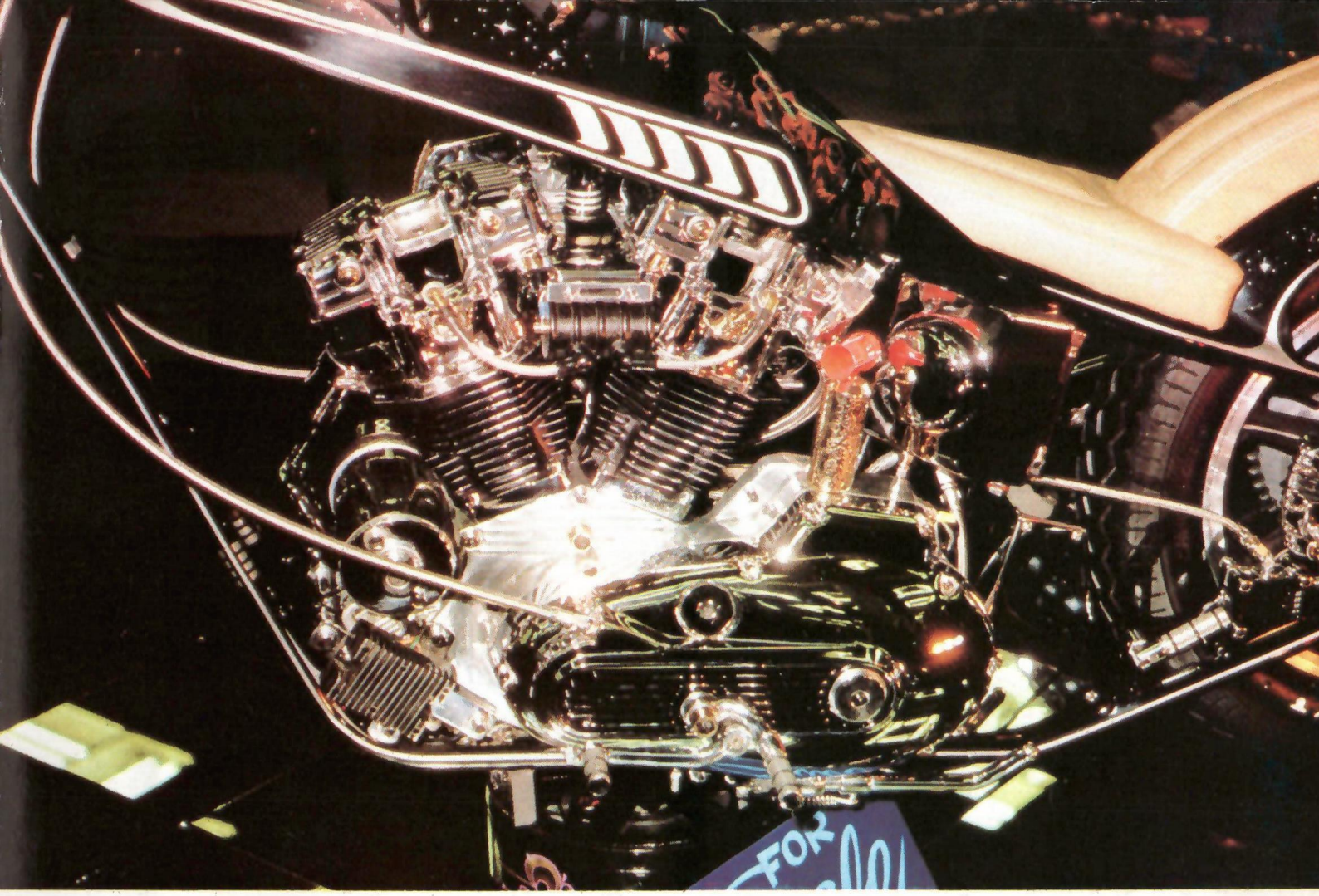
1950 PAN HEAD
with SHOVEL TOP
ENGINE WORK DONE BY PERFORMANCE UNITED INC
BILLY THE GREEK

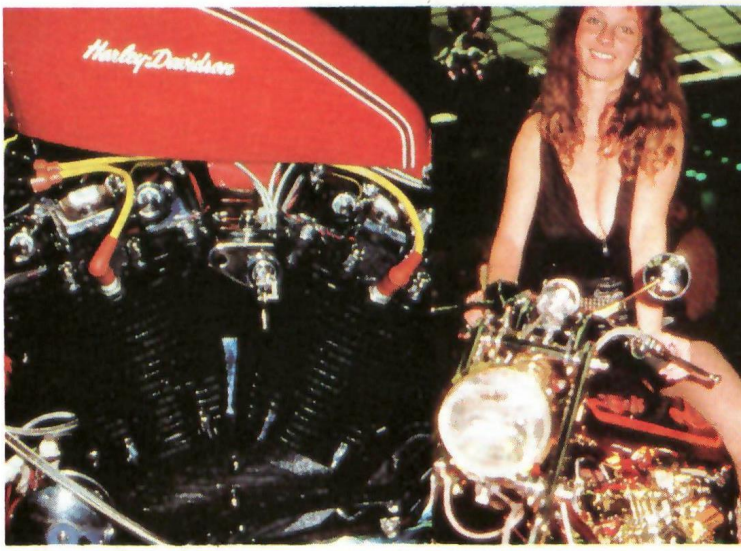


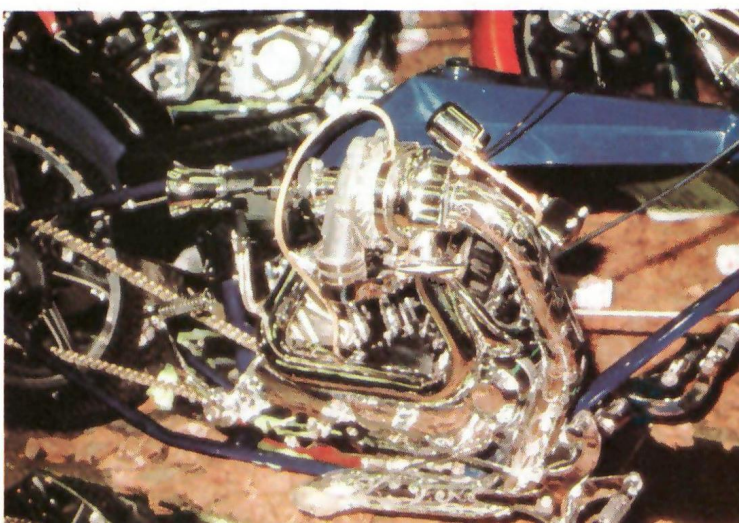


DAVI
MORE THAN A

Bad Attitude




Harley-Davidson



RIDE FOR

Kickin' Ass For Liberty

Oceans to the left of them, oceans to the right of them, down the middle of Route 1, rode—The First Annual Ride For The Lady, held in the Florida Keys.

Bikers of all description assembled at mile marker 56 and putted to Marathon to help raise money for the restoration of the Statue of Liberty.

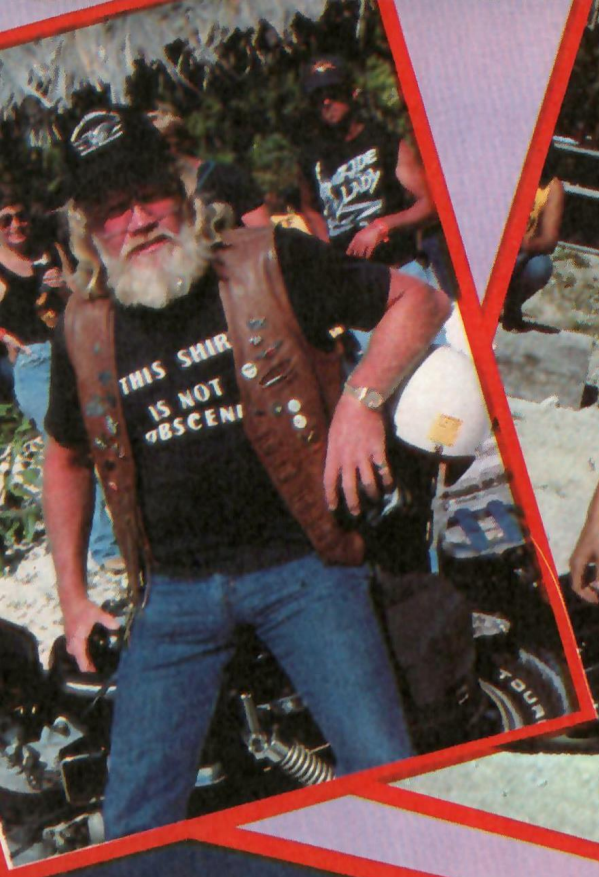
Picture Pat Randle, our man on the scene, reported that he loved every minute of the weekend—the booze,

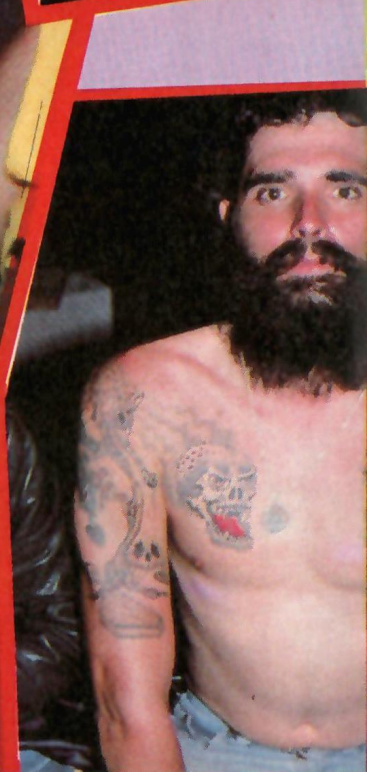
THE LADY

Photos By Picture Pat Randle

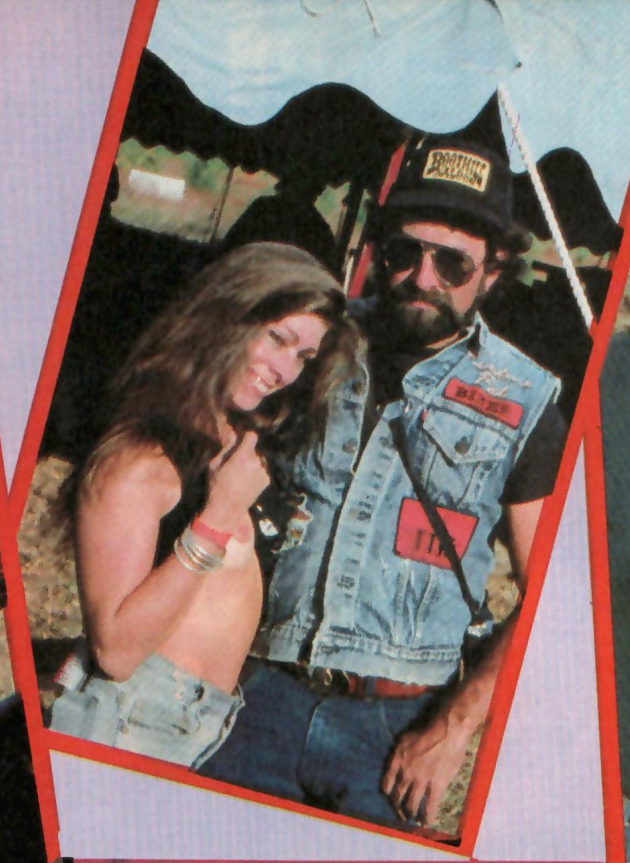
the bands, the bikes and the titty show—especially the titty show. He wanted to congratulate the bros in the area for gettin together to help keep the Lady's torch held high and proud and singled out the Amvets, the American Legion and the Elks for their tireless work in making the event a success.

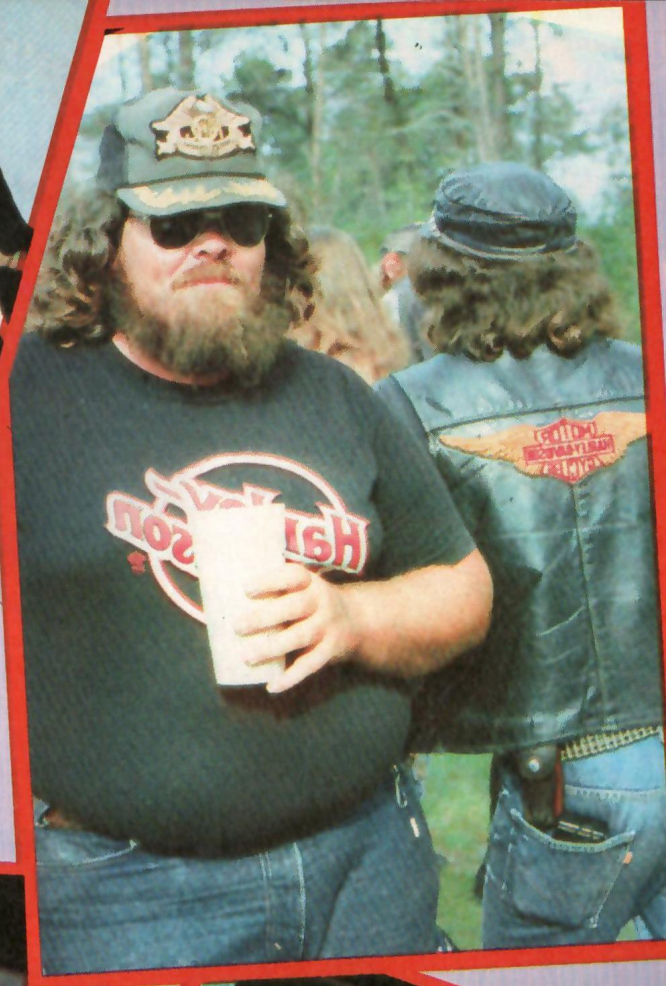
"For the rest of my life," Picture Pat said, "I'll never forget those bikes roaring over the Seven-Mile Bridge ...you had to be there to feel it." True, but you can get some idea from Pat's flicks





shown here. And next year do yourself a favor and attend the Second Annual. Already in the planning stage, next year's will be bigger and better, because time is growin short. The Statue of Liberty, that symbol of a Free America, will be rededicated on July 4, 1986. Give her a hand.□



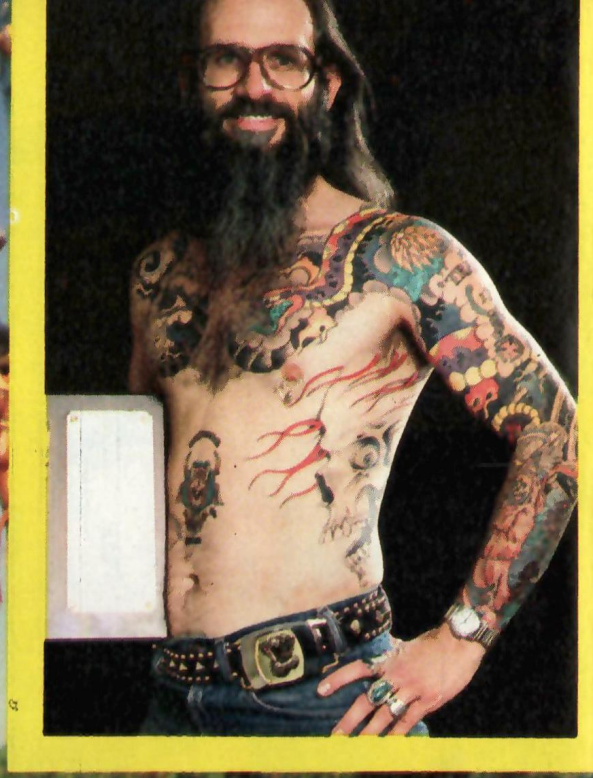


TROPINA

GOODBY MR. TRAMP

Artist, tattoo genius and skilled photographer, Mr. Tramp was killed on his scoot by a drunken cager. We salute him and give you a look at his last flicks...

Photos By Mr. Tramp
Words by Littlejawn

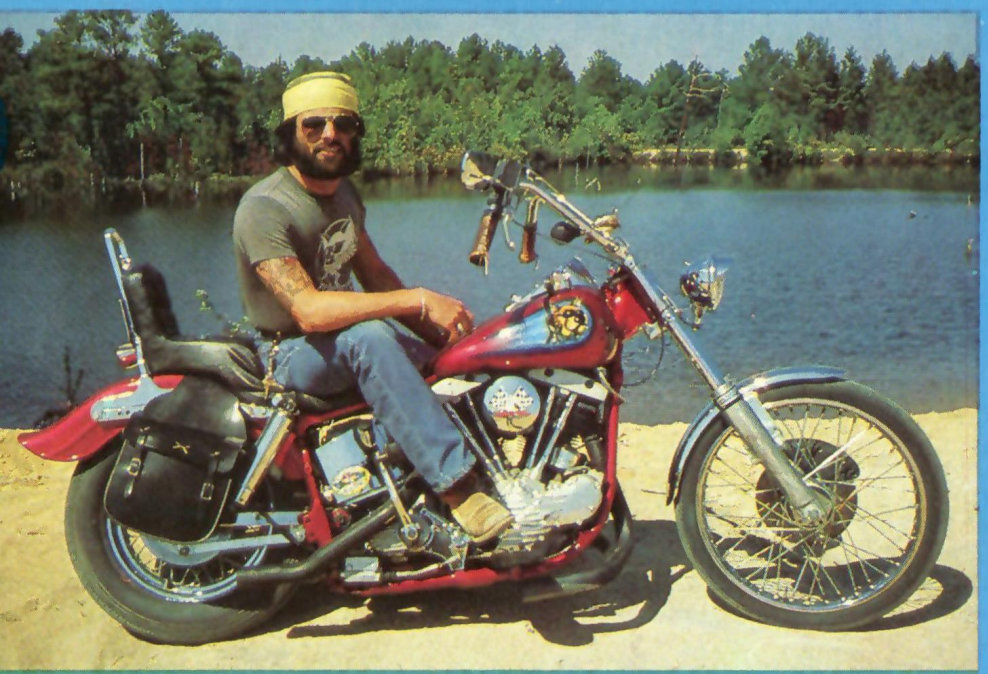


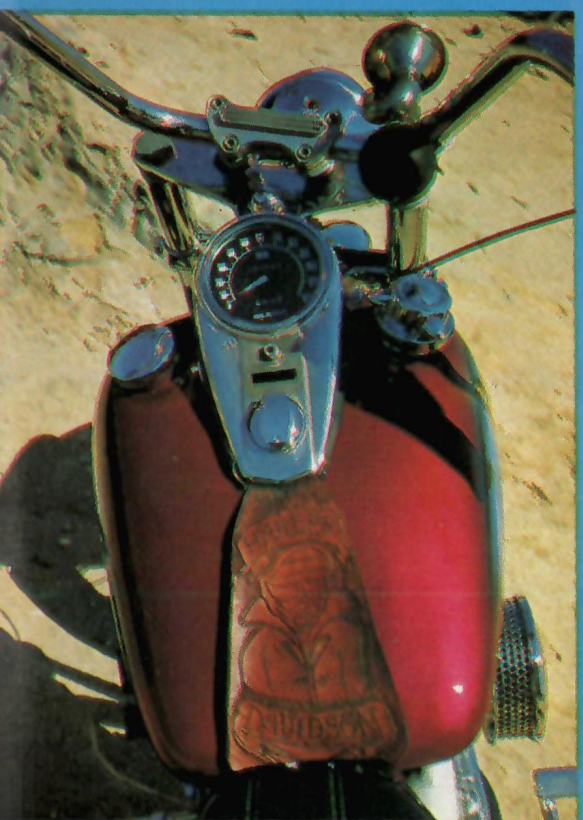
I talked to him Thursday night. He was dead on Sunday, the victim of a drunken cager.

He was an artist, a tattoo genius and a skilled photographer. But he was more than that. His last words to me were, "I really enjoy being an entertainer. One of the things I hold highly in my world is a smile. Through my art, through my tattooin, through my storytellin, through the way I carry on with women, I put a smile on people's faces."

Originally a Texas boy, Tramp tramped all over the country as a kid, followin his ol man, the lifer. As a lonely rugrat, he began developing his talent as an artist and eventually attended college to get his A.A. degree.

Then he met Randy Adams and the course of his life changed. "I drew for him a little bit," Tramp said. "And over a period of time he decided to educate





me. So I did approximately a year of apprenticeship with him and learned my trade—tattooin."

Mr. Tramp, who was known for his bold colors and brash designs, spent 10 years perfecting his work and finally moved his operation to Fayetteville, NC—the home of Ft. Bragg, the Green Berets, the 82nd Airborne, rip-off titty bars, rabid MP's, a rainbow coalition of hookers and thousands of heavily armed, completely stoned troops. And at least one drunken driver who cost him his life.

Fayetteville...considered by many Vietnam vets to be as dangerous on a Saturday night as the boonies...a town that's earned the nickname "Fayettenam." It's an easy place to die if ya got a pocket fulla pay, a snoot fulla likker and less sense than God give a pig (two- or four-legged kind).

The one bright spot in this lifer's paradise was Mr. Tramp's Tiger's Eye Tattoo. He added a spot of color, a dash of imagination and a few good laughs to this OD backwater.

The walls of his shop were covered with flash—from Harley Wings to Airborne Wings to wings of creatures he only saw in his dreams. If ya couldn't find what you liked, he had three fat books filled with his own art, all done in watercolor. He was just on his way to becoming, as he said, "another ZZ Top, known nation-wide" when he was cut down by a cager.

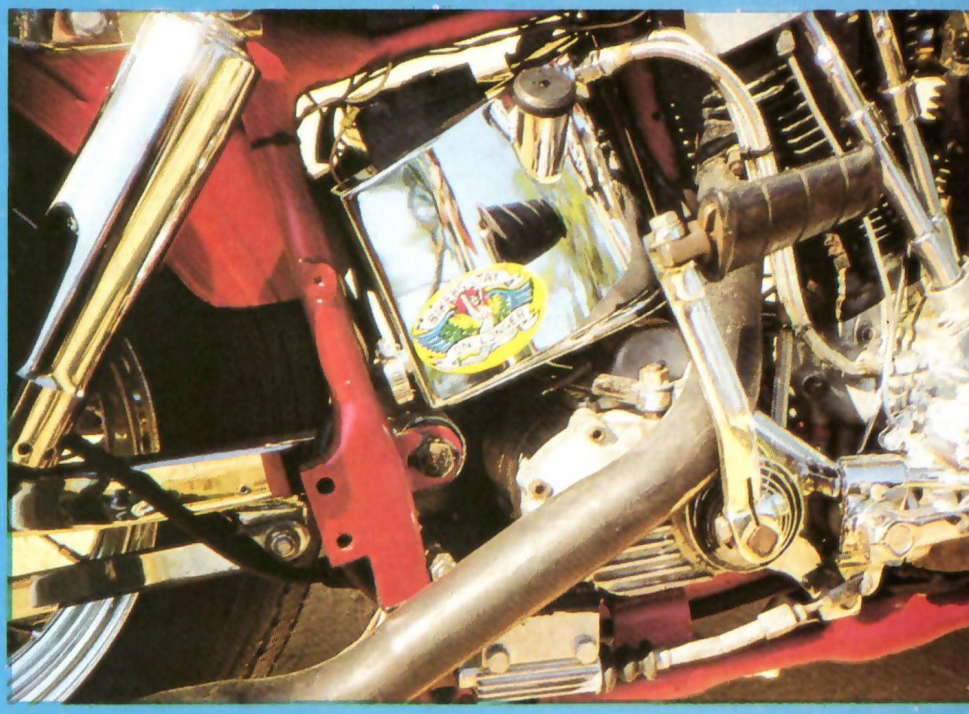
Every tattoo that went out of his shop had his name on it, not that he actually wrote the name below the design (though many clients asked him to), but every one "is a part of me. So if it's not good or in really terrible taste, it's not good business. Everyone of em has

gotta be good. If the color comes out a little light or if it has a spot, I tell em, come back, cuz I'll be glad to touch it up. There's no charge cuz ya paid for it the first time. All I want is good tattooing."

And that's what he got and that's what he achieved—all over the country. For the past several years he made annual tattoo tours of America. "The summer before last," he said, "I put 18,000 miles on my van and 7000 miles on my bike, travelin to Virginia, Long Island, Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota and Colorado, sellin me and my product. At Sturgis I worked 6-10—six days a week, ten hours a day, cuz they were lined up waitin for me. I loved it!"

Although Tramp wasn't tied down with any one woman ("My girl friends wouldn't allow it!"), he will be sadly

Continued on p. 29



Our Bros Runnin' Free On The Go!

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ × 2¼)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to **Iron Horse,** Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.

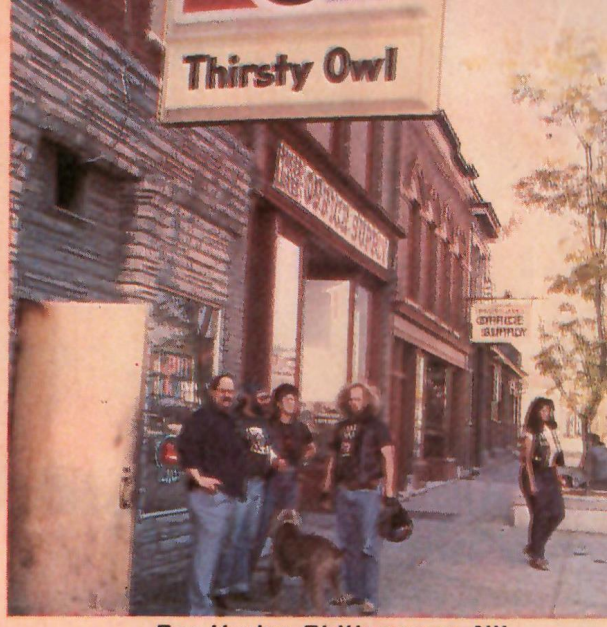
***NOTE:** All photographs and chromes must be individually identified with name and address. All photographs and chromes submitted to **Iron Horse** must have a self-addressed envelope enclosed or they will not be returned.

Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY—US. Claus'n his reinhog"

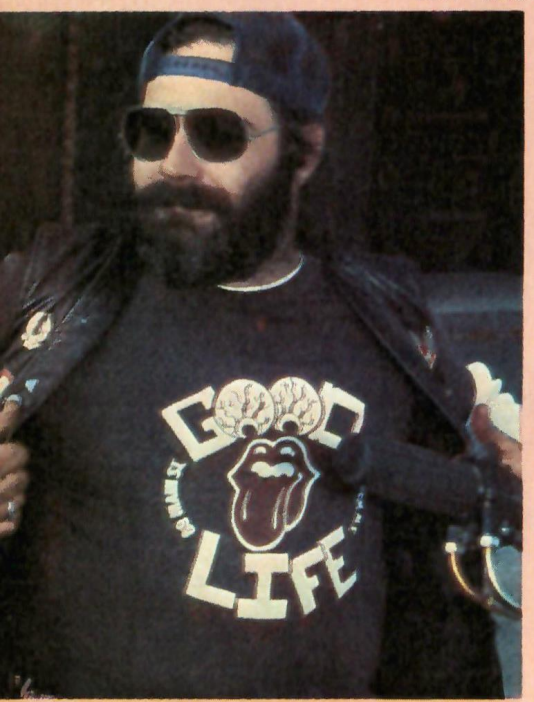
"Batman," Gibson City, TN—"A-gatherin

Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY—"Care-less and hair-free"

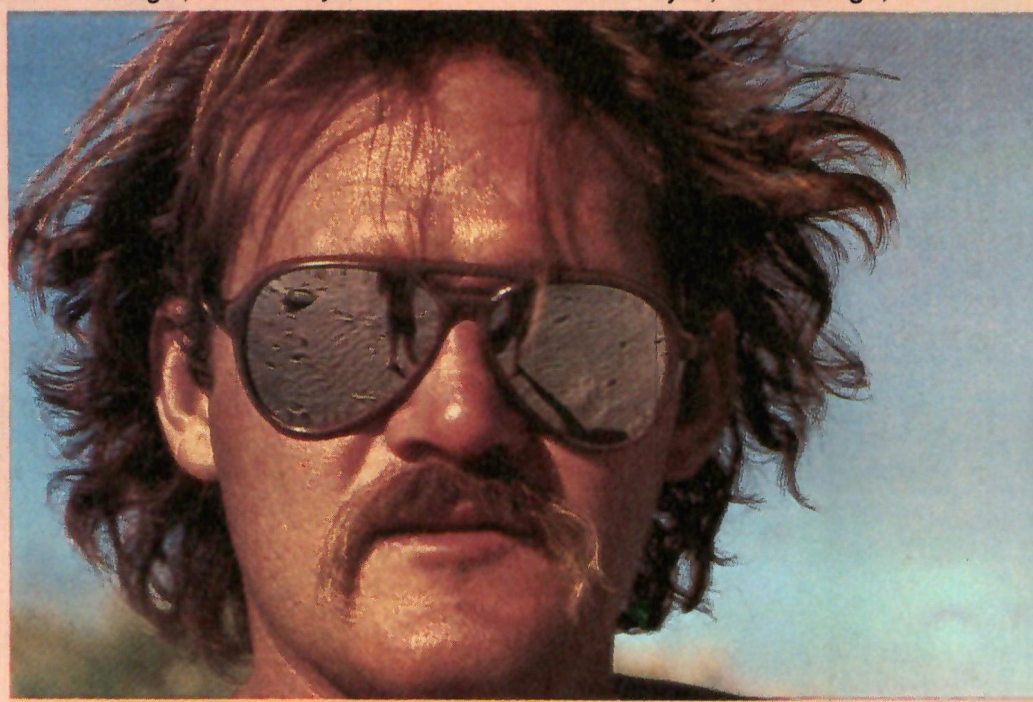
Carl "The Rodent" Metzger, Florida Keys, FL



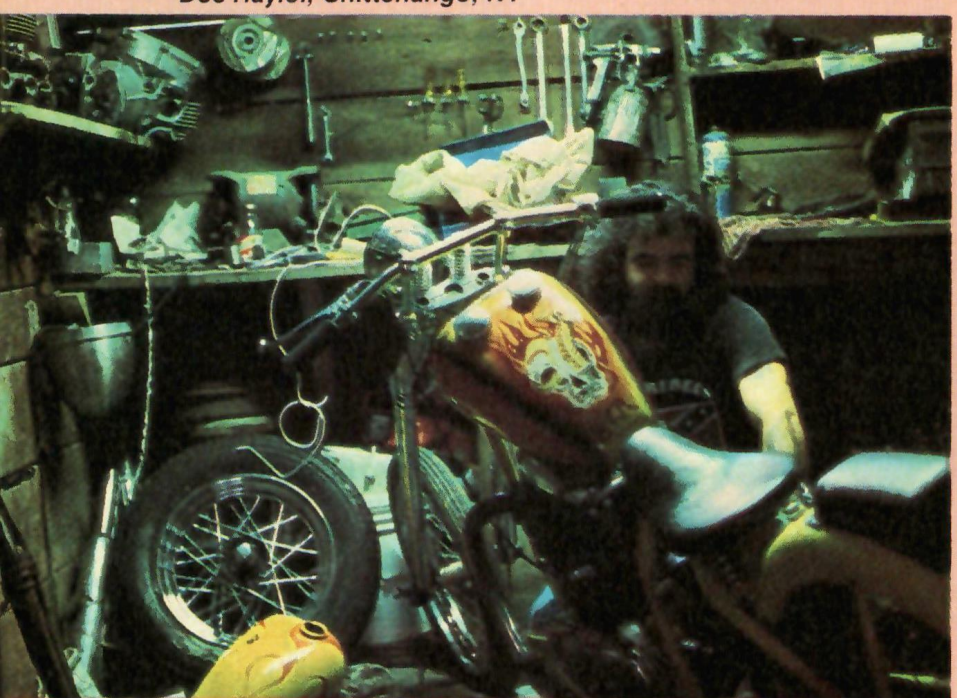
Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY



Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY



Billy Shields, Corpus Christi, TX—"Me"



G. Hopkins, Olmstead, KY

G. Hopkins, Olmstead, KY

"K2," Oshkosh, WI

"Cloudy," Breezewood, PA

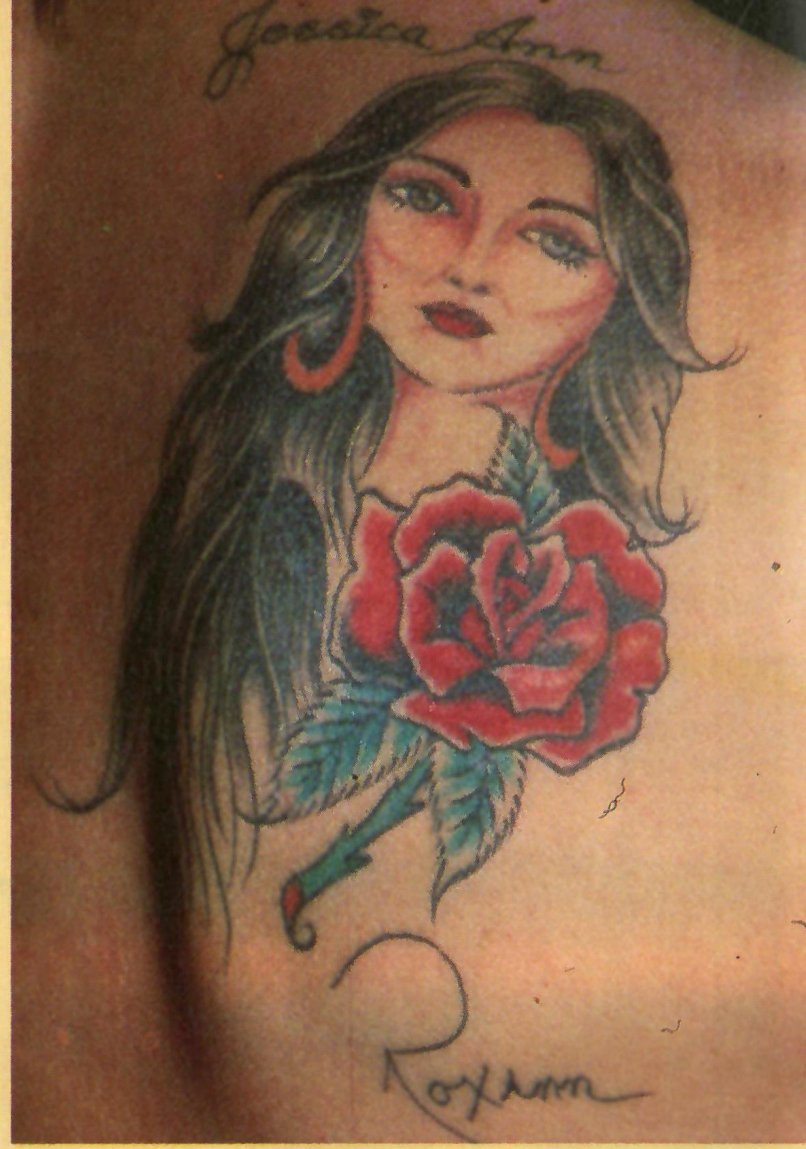
Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL

Fatbob Hanson, NY—"At the Custom Show"

Carl "The Rodent" Metzger, Florida Keys, FL

"Dentine," Lansing, MI

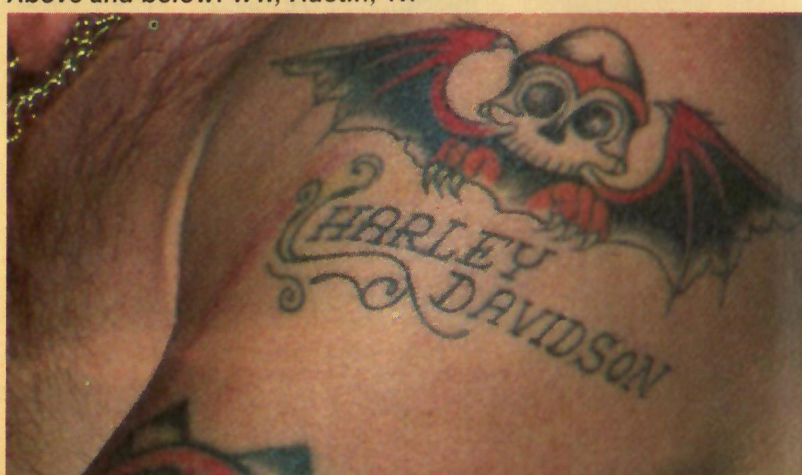
WW, Austin, TX—"At the Custom Show"



WW, Austin, TX—"At the Custom Show"

Billy Shields, Corpus Christi, TX

Above and below: WW, Austin; TX



Opposite page:
John Phillips, Regina, Sask.—"Purv" (by the Dutchman)

T. Warren, Salisbury, NC

Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

G. Hopkins, Olmstead, KY

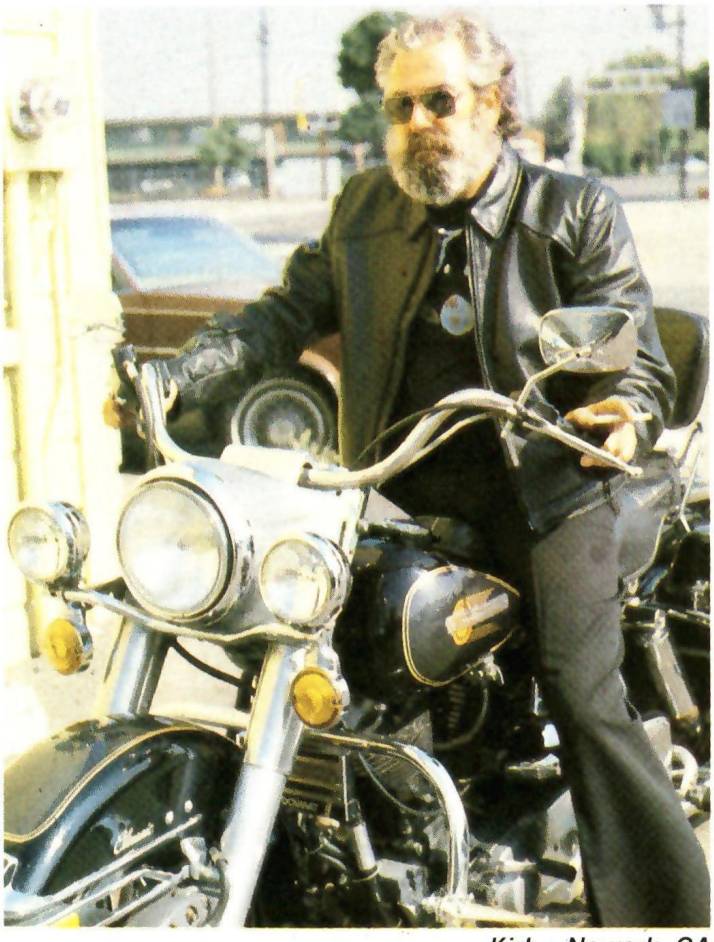
Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

Roland Dennis, Saskatoon, Sask.

Left and above: "Cloudy," Breezewood, PA

Crazy Ace, Trenton, NJ

"K2," Oshkosh, WI



Kirby, Newark, CA

Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY

J.L. Antrobus, Hog Head, FL

Raped by bikers at 15—
she fought to conquer her fear.

BARBARA: THE ROAD BACK

Photos by Wild Will

"When I was 15 I was chained to a bike and raped by 11 bikers and their women . . . I couldn't scream because the girls shoved mud down my throat. They were screwing me in every place that was open and some places they tried to open up." The emotion in her voice is real. Even after all these years Barbara March shudders when she thinks about it. "I really thought I was going to die," she whispers.

That's why I'm doing this shooting for **Iron Horse**, she says. "To overcome my tremendous fear by looking it straight in the eye." She wants to

prove to herself and to some of her friends who are bikers that she is no longer afraid. She is doing magnificently.

"When you're in your teens, you're stupid. I was warned by my mother to stay away from this group of bikers, but I wouldn't listen. They were all in their 30's and I was just a kid.

"Of course, I made myself up to look older, but I was the youngest one

in the crowd, and as I said, very dumb. I thought I knew it all, but of course, I didn't. I knew that I liked bikes and that was all. I didn't care who was ridin them."

Then one day they picked her up and rode out into the country to a secluded spot for a party. One of the guys had a dirt bike with him and they all took turns riding it down a hill and into a sloppy mud puddle.

"They were all pretty wasted," she says. "And there I am, a little airhead in hot pants." Hot pants? "I didn't even know what to wear," she says shaking her head. "Just the week before I had gotten a terrible burn on my leg from an exhaust pipe, but I was still wearing hot pants."

After a couple of hours the mamas and the bros were tired of suicide runs into the puddle and started to get it on with each other. But not Barbara. "I didn't do that kind of stuff. No, no, no. Not me.

"Well, the guy I was with was just

sittin there with his hands on his ass, not doin anything, when this other guy comes up and tries to get it on with me. My guy says, 'She don't do that kind of stuff.' And the other guy says, 'Oh really? How'd ya like to walk home?'

"Well, there I was stuck way out in the country, but I said if I had to walk, what the hell?"

That really pissed them off, comin from a snot-nosed kid. Then "as mildly as I can put it," she says. "They initiated me into the group."

And what an initiation. They grabbed her—11 guys and 4 girls—chained her to a bike and raped the shit out of her. To keep her from screaming (not that there was anyone around to hear her) the girls shoved handfuls of mud down her throat, while the guys fucked her in every bodily opening. It seemed to last forever.

"All the time this was going on," she says. "Some joker had this radio and this song "Draggin' The Line" by Tommy James and the Shondells was playing. To this day when I hear that song...." She shivers. She's really upset, hearing that song in her head... it's dragging out all the old memories.

But the worst was yet to come. "After the guys got through with me," she says, clearing her throat. "They let the women have me. Now these women hated me because I was pretty and they wanted to make sure I wasn't anymore. These girls were really... well, they could just about kill any guy, let alone a kid. They dragged me down the hill to where they had been ridin the dirt bike into the puddle and they took turns pushing my face under water to see how long I could hold my breath. Every time I yelled, they hit me and pulled my hair and stuff like that.

"I was totally naked and beat up and bloody, I mean, you name it. I think that was the worst because I was claustrophobic and afraid of water. But these women wouldn't stop...the only thing that finally stopped them was the guys."

For a long time after that, Barbara didn't go riding with anybody. Even the sound of bikes rumbling down the road "made me very nervous." Funny thing was, after that incident, "I was one of them. They let me alone. They said, 'You're one of us, you're initiated.' " But it was too late. Her spirit, she says, was broken. "I was screwed up in the head...royally. And to this day I'm a little squirrelly because of

it."

She says she learned a valuable lesson from her experience: "You don't bad-mouth bikers. And I don't suggest any young girls mess around with em, unless they know what they're going to be in for. I deserved what I got. I asked for it."

She left home soon after and arrived in New York City as "a teen-ager, a baby, with the attitude that I'm going to take New York by storm—really make my name here. Well, let me tell you, the city took *me* by storm.

"I was a smart-ass and I was put out at the age of 15 as a topless dancer. That's against the law and everything, but nobody goes by the law and I'm not naming any names. But I was goin to be *cool,* ya know....No way. I have a great respect for the city now. It's like a snake—it's beautiful, but you have to have great respect for it, because if you don't, it'll kill you ya."

It was during this period in her life that she was married briefly. "I was an abused wife from the word 'jump.' Living with him was...I'd have rather been with the bikers. He left, shall we say, an imprint on me. On my face."

The problem was Barbara always felt she was "exotic. I can't be a tamed person. I never mess with drugs or alcohol or nothing like that. In fact, I'm a physical culturalist. I'm into weights and all that shit. But I can't be a straight housewife type and go to PTA's and bingo and all that kind of thing.

"I never got along with those type of women. They hate me. They've always hated me. And that's tough shit. Their husbands love me...what can I say? That's *why* they hate me!

"No, I prefer the exotic," she says. "I like getting my picture taken in the nude...I *love* that....I like doing the calendars, the go-go dancing, the belly dancing. I was a stripper for a while at the Follies—when it was still open. I had my name up on the marquee and my picture in the window. (laughs) Big deal!"

After that she went out on her own, dancing at private parties. "I even jumped out of a cake. I had never done that before and let me tell ya, that's not an easy feat to perform. Especially if there isn't a ladder and the cake is *this high* (measures over her head). What's your next move, girl? Okay, here I am. Now get me out!"

The life of a dancer is tough. She performed twice a day, from 12-5, then from 9:30-2:30 in the morning. She ate very little, afraid she'd gain weight, and drank not at all. "And let me tell you," she says. "When you get home your feet are bleeding and every bone in your body is wracked up. And your head! I mean the music is extraordinarily loud and the smoke rises up to where you are. So even if you don't smoke, you might as well. Your lungs burn, your eyes hurt...it's a good way to age real quick if you're not careful."

Then there's the audience. A lot of guys' heads "are up their asses. Every night you get the same questions, 'What's a nice girl like you, blah, blah, blah.' Well, hell, what's a nice *guy* like you doin in this place?

"Then you'd get the conceited punks who would come in. You know, the guys 19 or 20, who'd say, 'If you're lucky, I'll let you buy me a drink.'

"Are you mad? The entire bar wants to buy *me* a drink. Piss off! I don't need punks like that."

After fightin off the punks and assholes in New York, Barbara landed a job as a go-go dancer in New Jersey. She thought it would be slower paced and more relaxed than showin her stuff in the rotten core of the Big Apple. And so it was—until she discovered that a group of bikers hung out there. Then all the old fears came tumbling back.

She remembers being scared all the time at first, afraid some of the bros would jump up on stage, stop watchin and start actin. "At one time," she says, "anything, a pair of leather gloves, would throw me." And here was a whole saloon fulla guys in leather. Every night was torture: every day was spent in terror of the night. But after a while, she began to mellow out and decided that she had made a mistake about bikers. It suddenly dawned on her that not all bikers were out to get her.

"The group that raped me was malignant," she says. "Now malignant groups are crazy. They will stop at nothing. However, the bros comin in to watch her dance were different. "They were just into their bikes and wanted to be left alone. Of course, they had bad mouths, but they treated me with the utmost respect."

In fact, while dancin, she actually started to become friendly with these dudes who appreciated her body, but didn't grab it without permission. "I never went ridin with em or anything," she says. "But they liked me and we later became very good friends.

"It sounds stupid makin these guys out to be sweethearts. They're not. Their not like a group of insurance salesmen goin out for a weekend romp on their Yamahas. These are real men. They don't respect their own women, but they respect me. We're just friends. But if I got in with em, I'd probably get...all over again." Her voice trails off.

So all the time, lurking in the back of her mind, were the memories of the mud, the chains, the blaring radio... and the pain.

Two incidents at the joint where she worked made her real uneasy. The first was when a raggedy-assed group of tramps kicked down the door of the bar and started gettin on her verbal-like. Now usually the management of the place would shut off the jukebox,

hide the girls away and wait for the intruders to trash the place and leave. But not this time. These dudes were the meanest dudes in North—and probably South—America.

"The first thing they did was push all the bar stuff off the bar and start givin the barmaid a hard time. Then I did somethin real stupid. This guy yells, 'Hey, take if off!' Now I'm not against takin it off, but I don't like to have it put to me like that. I didn't take anything off and I told him so. 'All right,' he says. 'That's cool.' And he sat down."

No sweat, right? Wrong. She found out later that the guys she so casually told to go to hell were not the type of dudes who like to have anything stand in their way. Fact is, these dudes were wanted in about ten states for crimes rangin from overtime parkin to mass murder. She was real lucky on that one, but it almost gave her a heart attack. She was numb for days.

The other incident that shook her up was a lot funnier. She was dancin one night when this group of wannabes, with slicked down hair and powerful Honda 250's parked outside, started to give her shit. All kinds of shit.

"I didn't take their lip," she says. "They were yellin for me to take it off and again I wasn't about to take nothin off for em. Then this one guy stands up and says he'll make it worth my while and he holds up a dollar. A dollar! Oh, gee! So I'm thinkin, where the hell are my biker friends when I need em?

"During the break I used the card they had given me, called them up and asked for help. And they showed up—like in about 20 minutes. There had to be 32 bikes, real bikes, outside surrounding the little group of Hondas. The door got kicked open...and you know the rest."

Now that's the kind of friends to have and it gave her a real good feeling that there were guys out there who rode Harleys who cared what happened to her. It made her think—about herself and her fears.

"That's when I saw a copy of your magazine," she says "With Raven on the cover. I said, hell, I can do what she's doin, just as good as she does.

"Which is why I'm doin this. I want to overcome my fears and to show the bikers that were good to me that I appreciate them."

So this is her present to the bros in New Jersey who helped out a Barbara in distress. She expects to be pinned up in every garage in America. For her, it will be a kind of diploma for graduatin from fear to friendship with the bikers of the world. It's therapy, man, but it is mighty pleasin to look at.

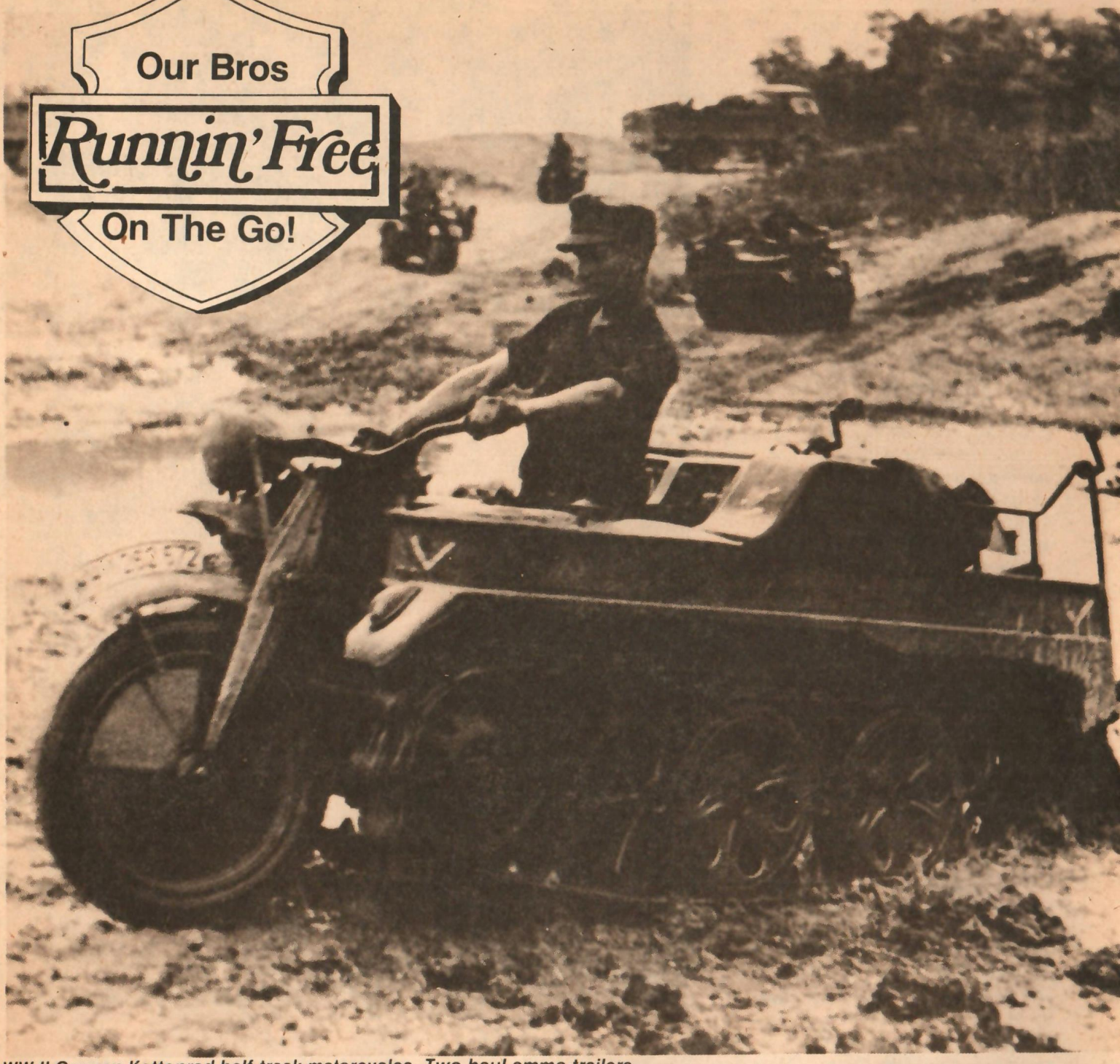
And she expects everyone with an eye for a body beautiful to get a kick out of the flix here. "The thing is," she says. "Bikers don't like thin girls, they do not like bony girls with no tits. They hate that. That's why they love me." One of the bros she knows even gave her a pen so she can autograph copies of the rag for them.

Barbara's got a lot behind her now. She's movin on. "I've hung up my dancin shoes," she says. But she continues her belly dancin "which you can do indefinitely." And she has appeared in an MTV video, convulsin her belly, while wearin one of her $400.00 costumes.

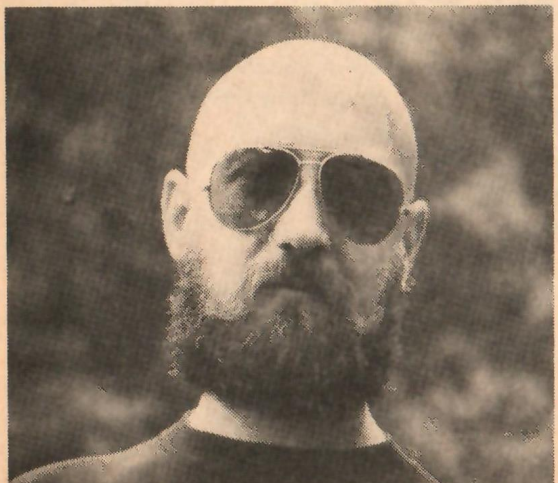
From teen-aged biker bait to mature woman, Barbara March has come a long way. But one thing's never changed. She loves to pack. "It's fun," she says, to feel that big hog between her legs, enjoyin the vibrations of the road. "You feel like a bigshot on the back of a bike and everybody stops to look. It's an ego trip."

All ya gotta do is be careful who's up front on that trip.

Our Bros Runnin' Free On The Go!

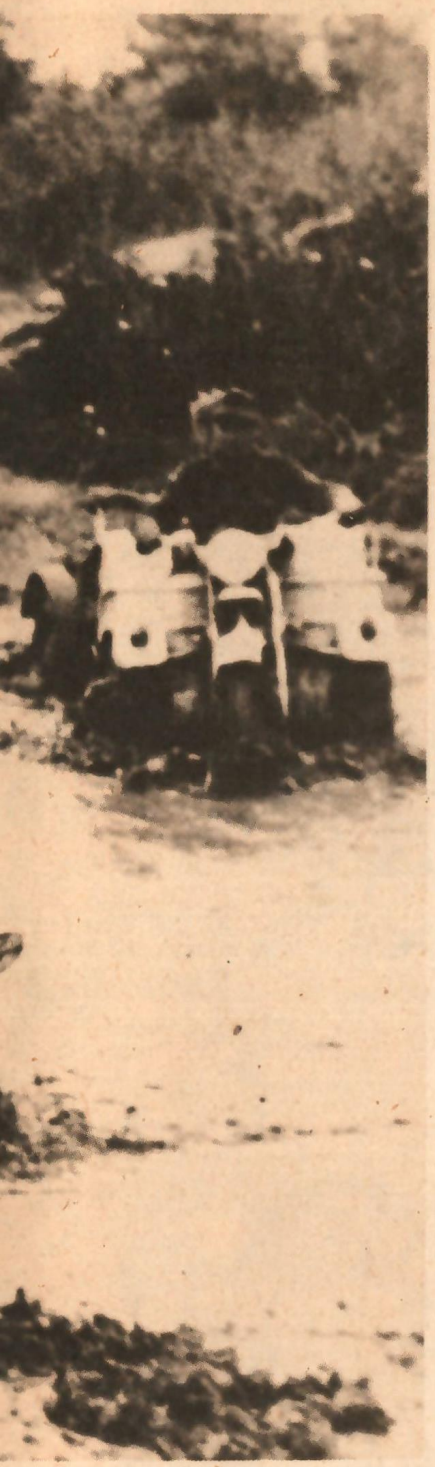


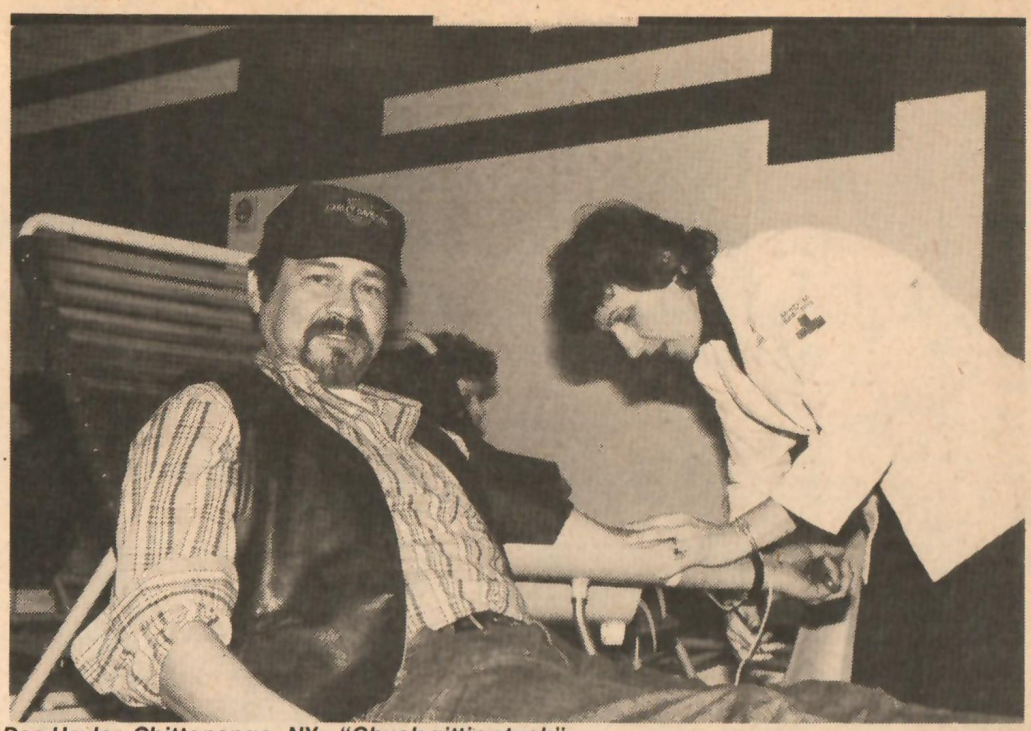
WW II German Kettenrad half-track motorcycles. Two haul ammo trailers.



Bobette K, Reading, PA—"Sunnyside Blowout '84"

"Big Ed," New York—"Best Tits In Town"

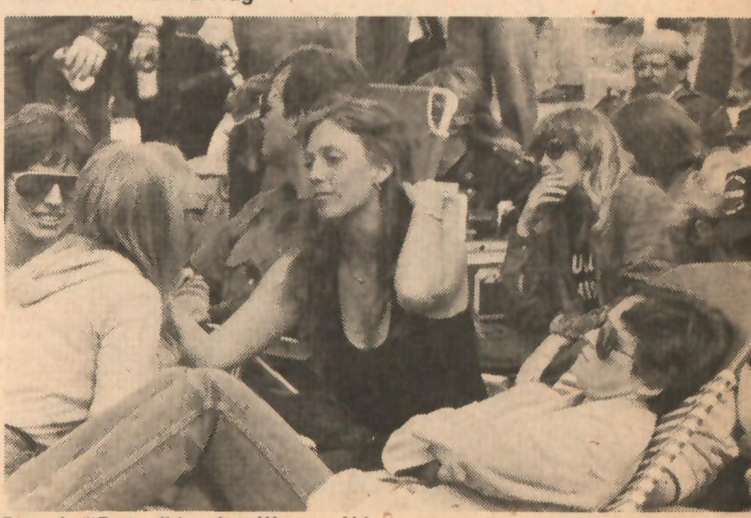




Dee Haylor, Chittenango, NY—"Chuck gittin stuck"

Balls, Indiana—"Me, Rodge, 'n Willie G. 'n the ABATE Flag"

Bob Barnes, Winnepeg, Manitoba



Dennis "Ratso" Locke, Wayne, NJ

Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL—"Lisa Shows'm OFF...again!"

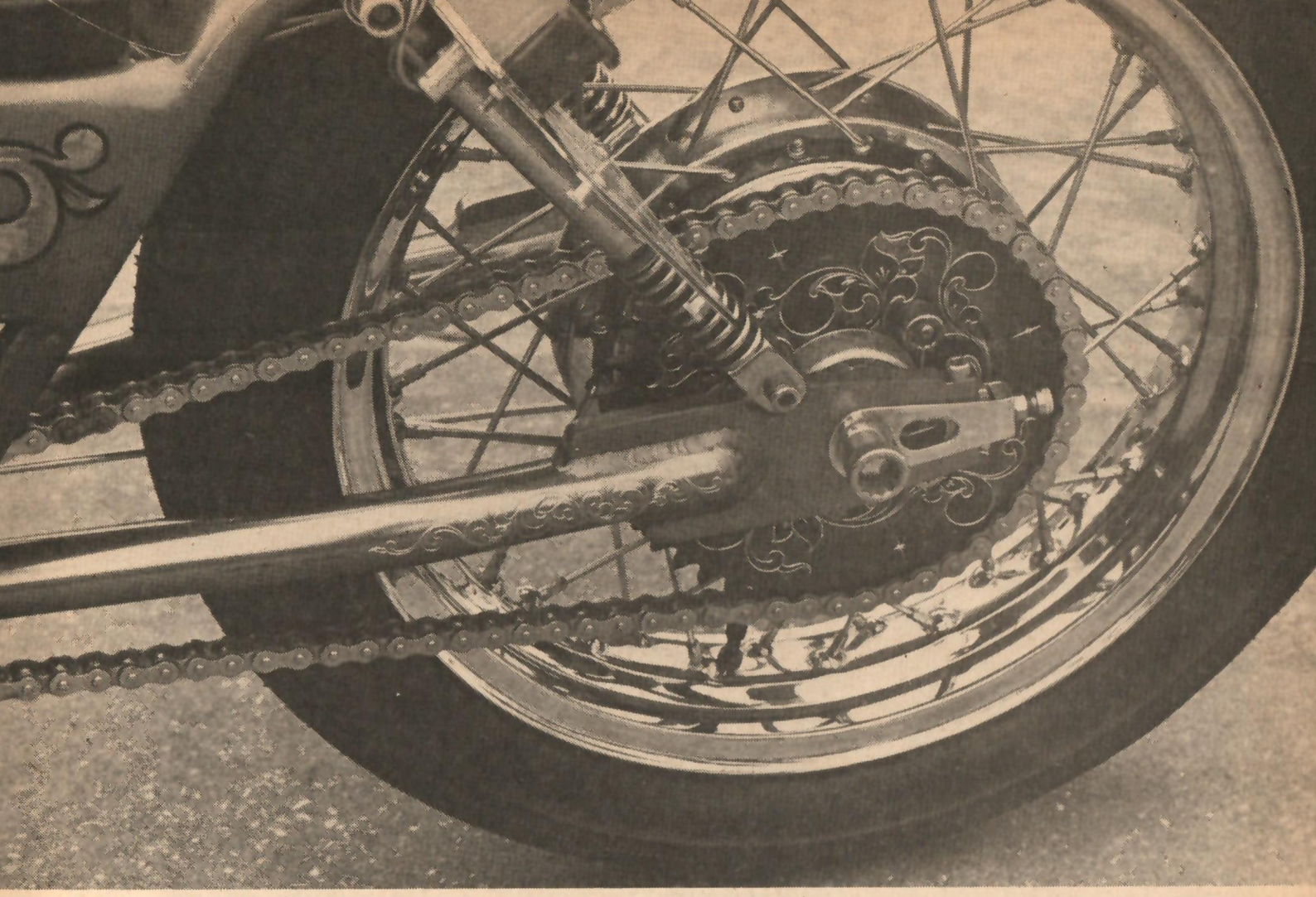
Dennis "Ratso" Locke, Wayne, NJ

OK Thompson, Sheridan, WY

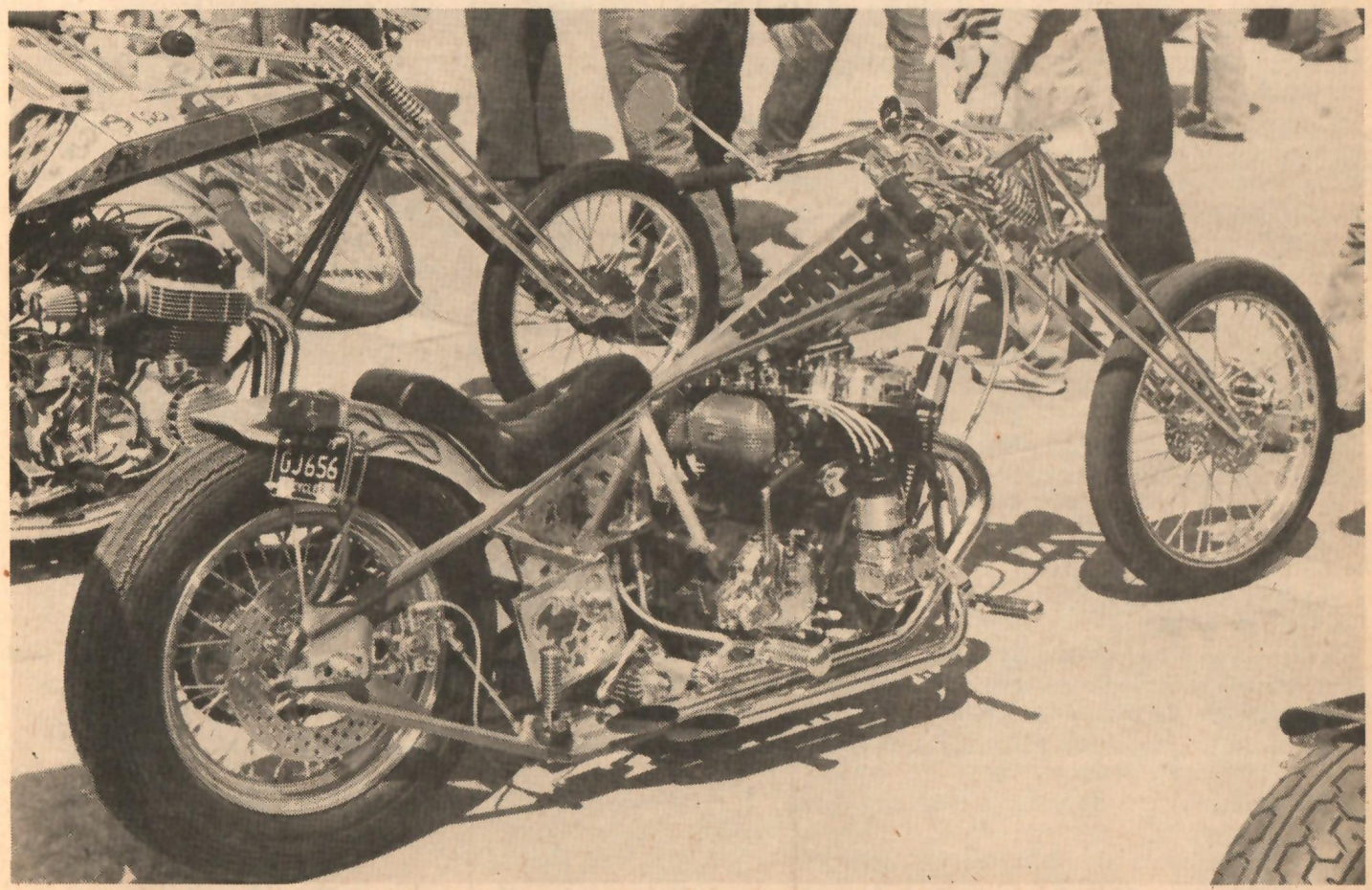
Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, FL—"Saddle Tramp's Goods"

Dennis "Ratso" Locke, Wayne, NJ

Carl "The Rodent" Metzger, Orlando, FL—"Panty Party"



Dennis "Ratso" Locke, Wayne, NJ



Dennis "Ratso" Locke, Wayne, NJ

REAPER'S RIDE

Continued from p. 18

before, but for some reason nothing looked the same. I slowed her down to about fifty and tried to get my bearings. I finally saw a sign that read Eureka, California, and of course I though that it was a goof or something. I looked at my watch and checked the date, I had only been on the road for about three hours and it was still the same day. It seemed kind of strange, but as I was riding, I had been thinking to myself about a warmer climate. I rode around for awhile and sure enough I really was in California. I stopped in a small tavern, grabbed a brew and something to eat before I headed for home.

I guess anybody else would have been freaked out or something, but I knew that bike was special from the first day I saw her. It was funny, but none of those weird things seemed to surprise me. It was like my subconscious expected them to happen, so I just went along—like everything was normal.

I told my lady to head for home and placed her in the breeze with the throttle almost wide open. We seemed to get home in no time at all and I was ready for a good night's rest. I pushed the bike back into my room and went off into my dreams.

One night I was hanging out at a local bar, half tuned up, and this fine little fox came up and started to cop a rap. We talked for a while, decided we should go for a cruise on my bike and then go over to her place. We walked out to the bike, I gave her one kick, and as always, she started. But when the little fox jumped up behind me, the engine would die. This happened about five or six times. As I tried to figure out what the problem was, I completely forgot about the little fox as she stormed back into the bar.

I went over every inch of the bike, but I couldn't find anything wrong. As I sat on the curb resting my back on a street lamp, I looked at an angry (and I do mean angry) face on the fat bob just staring at me. I thought to myself, *naw*, she couldn't be jealous of that little fox I was going to ball, so I started talking to her. The expression of the face changed from anger to hurt right in front of my eyes. There seemed to be drops of water running down her cheeks. I couldn't figure out where they were coming from because it was a warm night and the air was dry. I pulled my snotted-up handkerchief out of my pocket and dried the cheeks on both sides fo the fat bobs. Still more water appeared, so I ran my finger under one of her eyes and smelled it to see if I had a gas leak or something. It was definitely wet, but it wasn't gas; so I tasted it. It was salty like a tear and I knew then that my lady was real. I quietly comforted and apologized to her as if she were flesh and blood. I explained to her how I hadn't really understood her love and how the dreams of her love for me was more than enough to satisfy my hunger....

It was late September now, my favorite time of year for riding and partying. I really enjoyed the cool weather and the changing colors of the trees, as well as the smell of burning leaves in the air.

I had just left the bar where I had been doing a little partying and walked out to the parking lot where my bitch was waiting for me to fire her up. I could sense trouble in the air. It was one of the darkest nights that I'd ever seen, pitch-black and quiet.

As I stood by my bike I heard and felt the thundering roar of a a pack of scoots, maybe forty strong, coming my way. I watched as they rode double file and pulled into the parking lot where I was standing. I knew I was in deep shit because it was the club of assholes I used to ride with—the same bros who fucked me over. Suddenly I felt years of anger and hatred boiling in my blood.

The assholes recognized me and they approached with death in their eyes and a taste for blood in their mouths. But I swore I'd waste as many of those cocksuckers as I could before I went down. The club members formed a circle and surrounded me and my bike. Then from out of the crowd came the fucker who was going to be the first casualty of the night. He had my ex-wife by his side, and as he stood and gloated, I could see his PRES patch on the denim cut off he wore over his leathers. He told me he had heard I'd gotten myself wasted about two years ago. I was trying to figure out what the fuck he was talking about because I had been released about two years before.

Then from out of the crowd of dipshits, another dude stepped forward. He had been my cell mate while I was in the pen. I hadn't had any idea that he was with that club. He looked strange as he pointed his finger at me and said, "You're dead. I saw them put you in a coffin and bury you." He then told the Pres how he had stabbed me in the back with a shiv. Fifty times. I called him an asshole and told him the only thing he had ever stabbed was his dick with his hand. Fifty times. Everyone got a big laugh out of that except for the Pres. He made it clear there would be no fuckups this time, that I was definitely going to meet my maker.

As the club started to move in on me, I heard my bike fire up all by herself. I turned to look at her and everything about her seemed to change. There were transparent heads with grotesque faces coming from all around the fat bob tanks. Each head had a halo of serpents waving about it; the serpents had evil, red eyes.

The frame and front end seemed to stretch out to an unreal proportion. There was laughter coming from the grotesque faces, as the heads looked around at the crowd of pussies who were slowly backing off. Then thick bursts of flame came from the exhausts and little steams of fire shot out from under the wheels as my bike moved closer to me. She rolled right up in front of my feet and one of the heads nodded as if to greet me. Then, one of the snakes above her head lashed out and sank its fangs deep into my arm. The poison rushed to my brain instantly and it had a dreamy effect like L.S.D.—only the dreams weren't of my present life, but of the many lives I had lived. Not only had I died in prison two years before, but I was all nine of the bros who had died on that bike through the decades. I knew now who and what I was, and it was all part of a game that I liked to play.

The skin and flesh slowly pealed and fell from my body as the club members including the hard ass Pres hopped on their scoots and took off for the highway. I saw my hair growing and changing to white as my glowing red eyes looked into the shining chrome of my disfigured lady. A transparent hand offered me a long, black hooded robe, while another transparent hand placed my sickle-like staff into a sheath attached to the front forks. I was prepared for battle. Yes, I knew who I was now. In every walk of life, in every nation, and even in the universe, I was known. Some called me the Prince of Darkness. Some called me the Angel of Death. But tonight, I would be known as the Reaper.

I could feel the power within me. With a touch of my hand, I could turn a human into a pile of dust. With a look, living flesh became dry bone. One swing of my staff could slice a body in two, I could think your thoughts or control your mind and let you die by your own hand.

I mounted my lady and headed for the sky to find all the bros who were soon to be history—just dust in the wind. In a

Continued on p. 80

I AM ANXIOUS TO SHOW YOU HOW TO PUT THE FANTASTIC POWER OF WITCHCRAFT TO WORK TO BRING YOU LOVE, MONEY, HEALTH, SUCCESS, HAPPINESS!

THE SOLUTION OF ALL YOUR PROBLEMS, THE KEY TO ALL YOU WISH FROM LIFE, IS CLEARLY SPELLED OUT IN MY BOOK. GET INSTANT RESULTS BY READING MY EASY, STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS

I'm not asking you to become a witch. You certainly don't have to in order to enjoy the benefits of unraveling the secrets of the occult, the wonder world that is all around you but you have never even been aware of. Witchcraft has been my whole life and that of my ancestors for generations. We have always taken for granted our unique supernatural ability and led many to enjoy the benefits of our knowledge and powers. We have enriched many a life and now we lay bare to you our deep occult secrets because the world needs to know that witchcraft is a power for good and not as the world has been misled to believe. You can enjoy the things you've wished and yearned for. You can get what is yours by every right. You need no longer accept the short end of the stick.

Just give witchcraft a chance to prove you can realize your dreams. Things you ache for are right there at your fingertips. You just have to know how to grab them. If you've tried everything else and failed, why not let witchcraft have a chance? Witchcraft is power. Witchcraft is happiness. Witchcraft is life, achievement, accomplishment, attainment. The secrets are all in my book, "The Force of Witchcraft" and it's easy and affordable!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Robin is a nationally known mystic who has appeared on radio talk shows and has been favorably reviewed for his supernatural ability. He is revered from coast to coast for attaining the highest occult level of the "7 Open Gates," which is the mystic study of the human life spectrum. He is a noted authority because of his keen insight and accurate predictions of future events, which have been documented on numerous occasions. He believes that by knowing our own future we are not simply locked into those events, but can successfully manipulate them to our own advantage.

Scott Robin has taken many trips in exploration of his own life and by doing so has brought himself extraordinary enrichment. By taking advantage of secret occult techniques you can achieve the same astonishing success.

He is a direct descendant of European mystics. His grandmother was feared so greatly for her occult powers she was driven from her own country.

Scott Robin, who was born in the U.S., has spent over 20 years in intense study of the occult world to perfect his craft. In 1972 he attained *Shoktsa*, which is the highest level one can achieve in the study of life. He has also become the master of Kapora-Endelle, a unique occult technique which can do harm to those who seek to do harm to you.

Scott Robin, whose bloodline has been traced back to the monks, has successfully mastered "The Powers of Gold," an occult study of how to heal illness through spiritual practices, which are all revealed in The Force of Witchcraft.

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN LEARN FROM MY BOOK:

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- ★ HOW TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD!
- ★ HOW WOMEN CAN CONJURE UP LOVE SPELLS!
- ★ HOW TO KEEP YOUR LOVER AS LONG AS YOU WANT!
- ★ APHRODISIACS AND YOUR PERSONAL SEXINESS!
- ★ WITCHCRAFT FOR HEALTH REMEDIES!
- ★ HOW TO COMBAT SLEEPLESSNESS, HEADACHES!
- ★ HOW TO HAVE THICK, ATTRACTIVE HAIR!
- ★ HOW MEN CAN MAKE WOMEN OBEDIENT!
- ★ HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS THE EASY WAY!
- ★ HOW TO MAKE YOUR PAIN GO AWAY!

Throughout history, the world has shown a deep but misguided prejudice against the power of witchcraft and those who practice it. They have been persecuted, prosecuted and even executed. But never have they been accused of being ineffectual. On the contrary. Those in power have always feared and been in awe of them. For centuries, those in power sought to preserve their wealth and power. Through witchcraft the world might learn how to overcome illness, how to fight poverty, how to achieve success against enemies, against anxiety, stress, fear. I have studied all of your worries, your needs and your desires and have worked diligently to solve your problems, to bring you riches and fulfill your dreams and fantasies . . . to make you a better person, a more welcome lover, a happier individual, man or woman, a person others want to be with and whom they admire and trust. You can literally move mountains by the use of a power you never dreamed you possessed. And the way to generate, release and direct that force is clearly written and openly revealed in a book you will treasure for the rest of your life . . . because it is the book of your life . . . and it is called The Force of Witchcraft and you are lucky enough to be able to have it sent to you at a truly affordable price. Send for it now while we are still able to fill your order. The time is now and the way is easy.

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REAPER'S RIDE

matter of seconds I could see them racing down the highway below. They were running for their lives, but they didn't know who was chasing them. Not yet.

My lady and I shot down out of the sky. I could smell the fear and laughed wildly at those assholes trying to run from me. Not one of them was man enough to accept his fate.

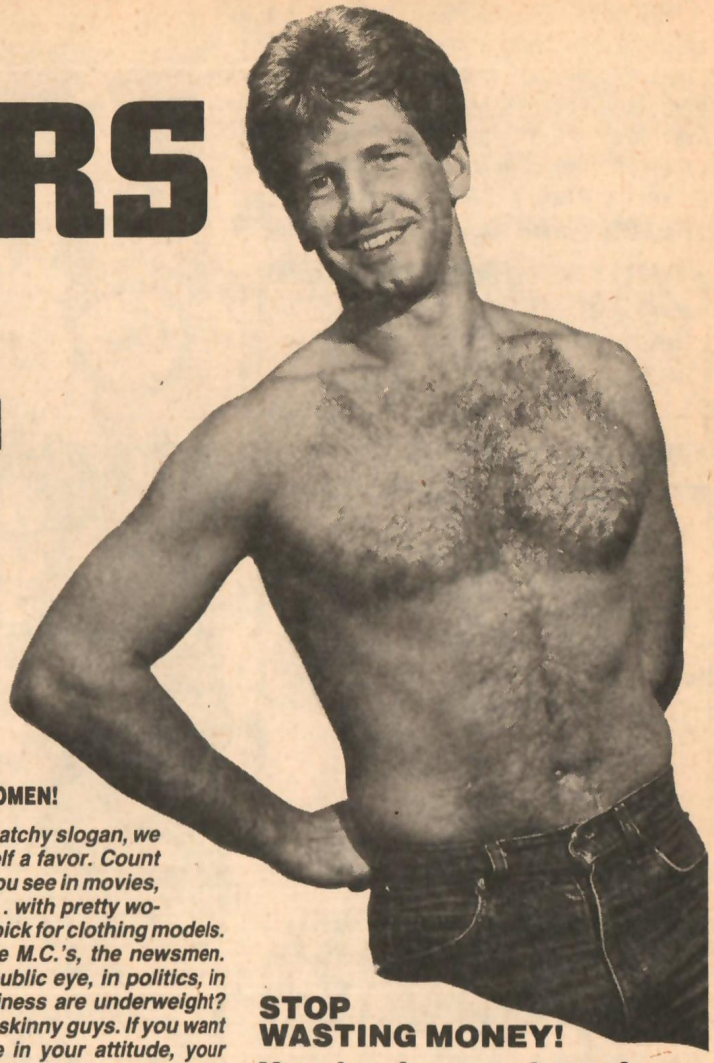
I was riding shotgun to the last rider in the pack and I pulled up along side him. I just looked at that dude with my red eyes and down he went. I pulled my staff from the sheath that held it. Both of my hands were free to swing it because the lady and me had become one. She knew when, where, and what she had to do.

I laid back from the pack and just watched them ride in that double file, hauling ass down that long, straight desert highway. The time had come and I made my move. My lady knew it was time and she blew through the gears and up the middle of that pack. I swung my staff from side to side pulverizing everyone in my way. One dude had cut off to the side and came up behind me, shooting. I wonder if that dumb shit really thought he was going to accomplish something because personally, if I had been in his shoes, I would have headed in the other direction. A flame blew out of my lady's exhaust, a flame that would have made a napalm bomb look like a kitchen match. In seconds, there wasn't a trace of the dude or his bike left. I was having so much fun that I wiped everyone out a lot fater than I had intended. That is, all except the Pres and my ex-wife. I was saving the worst for last. They would always wonder when, where and how they were going to die. They would die a thousand times over before their real deaths came. As the Reaper I could control their dreams and make those dreams so real they would actually feel the pain. I could make them see their bodies as they were tortured and let them hear their own screams of terror. I could make them smell their own burning flesh. Those dreams of horror were my specialty and I enjoyed them as much as I enjoyed being the Reaper himself.

The Pres and the ex-wife thought they had escaped death, but they were going to live with it for a long time. There would never be any peace for them now.

My lady and I headed up into the universe to find other souls to torture. We were on a Reaper's Ride now, but we would be back soon for the Pres and the ex-wife...or maybe for you.□

I TRIED FOR YEARS TO GAIN WEIGHT



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SKINNY ISN'T ATTRACTIVE

If you don't think so, just watch what turns women's heads on the beach. They get turned on by well-built guys. They're the ones with the prettiest girls. It's a rare fellow who doesn't want to look good in his clothes and is happy with a skinny frame, who has not envied men who weighed a little more, had a better appetite and generally displayed a physical fitness that spoke of health and well-being. True, while doctors and nutrition specialists warn against being fat, very little is said about the equal or greater evils of being underweight. So there's more to it than cosmetic aspects. Skinny is not only unattractive. It is also unhealthful. Gaining weight could mean gaining health for you.

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Skinny men are not great lovers. That's a known fact. Add a few pounds and you'll be amazed how it will improve your love-life. Women know this and are conscious of the fact that skinny men can't go the distance. The race is to the strong, the saying goes. And the fellow who is handsomest doesn't look like a stand-in for the family skeleton. Many a man found that gaining a few more pounds has helped him overcome chronic illness, major or minor. Many a doctor has prescribed gaining weight. But so little is publicized about skinny men. The great amount of publicity given to coronary problems has brought the bulk of weight attention to those men who weigh too much. Men who weigh too little never really get equal time. But their problem is no less serious.

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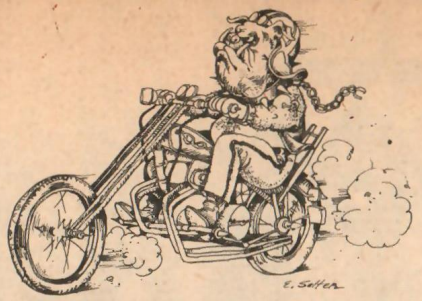

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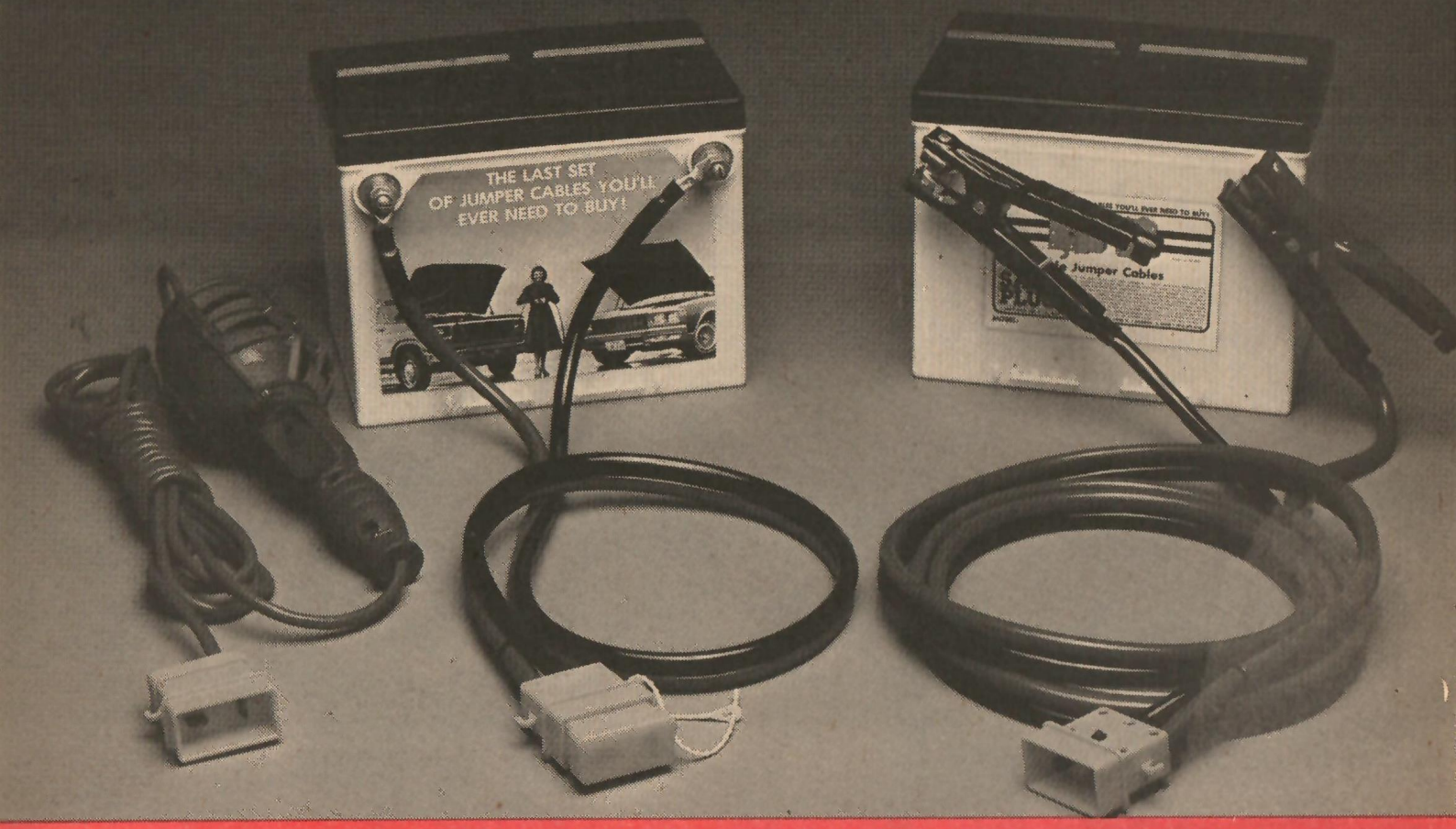

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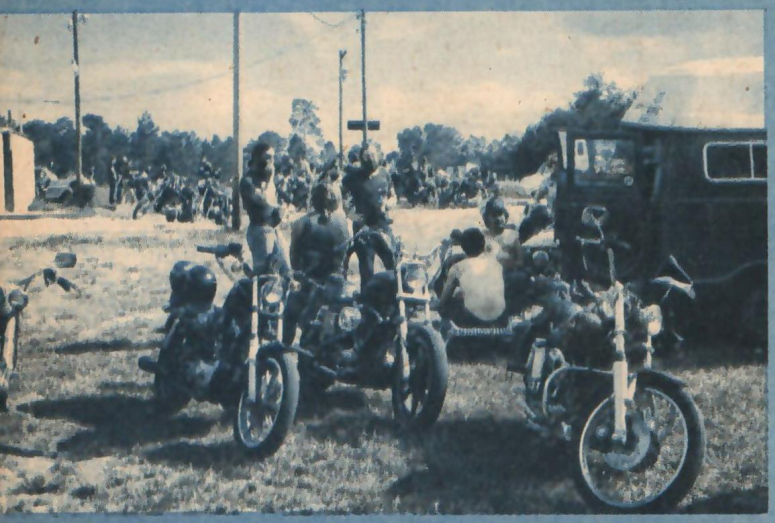
PICTURE PAT'S PEOPLE— PART II

By Sprocket
Photos By Picture Pat Randle



[In the February 1985 issue, we ran a special feature on Picture Pat Randle's People. The response was so great that we badgered Pat for a bunch more flicks and assigned Sprocket to write up a story. What we found was a partially completed story, some empty cans of brew and a roach or two (both kinds), but no Sprocket. Since we haven't got time to do anything new, we're just runnin what he wrote and the hell with it. By the way, if ya see him, let me know. The fucker owes me $20.—Ed.]

Picture Pat Randle was kind enough to send up some more flicks of the brothers and sisters who haunt Florida. Especially the sisters. Cuz no matter now many times we ask him for bike shots, he always manages to perch some hot l'il piece on top of it. That's fine by me, but we got one bro here, by the name of Lunar Mooner, who's so technically oriented, he don't look at nothin but exhaust manifolds and stuff like that. He gets fuckin *irate* when he has to look behind some legwettin broad to see the frame construction of a Harley. Now I know something about scoots, but I'd sure rather look at a piece of muff than a piece of machinery. Fact is, I spend a lotta time thinkin bout all the pussy I've had and all I'm gonna get. Which is why I appreciate Picture Pat's Girly People. Fact is also, I'd like to spend my time roamin the beaches of Florida in search of good-lookin wimmen who'd like to flash some tit my way.

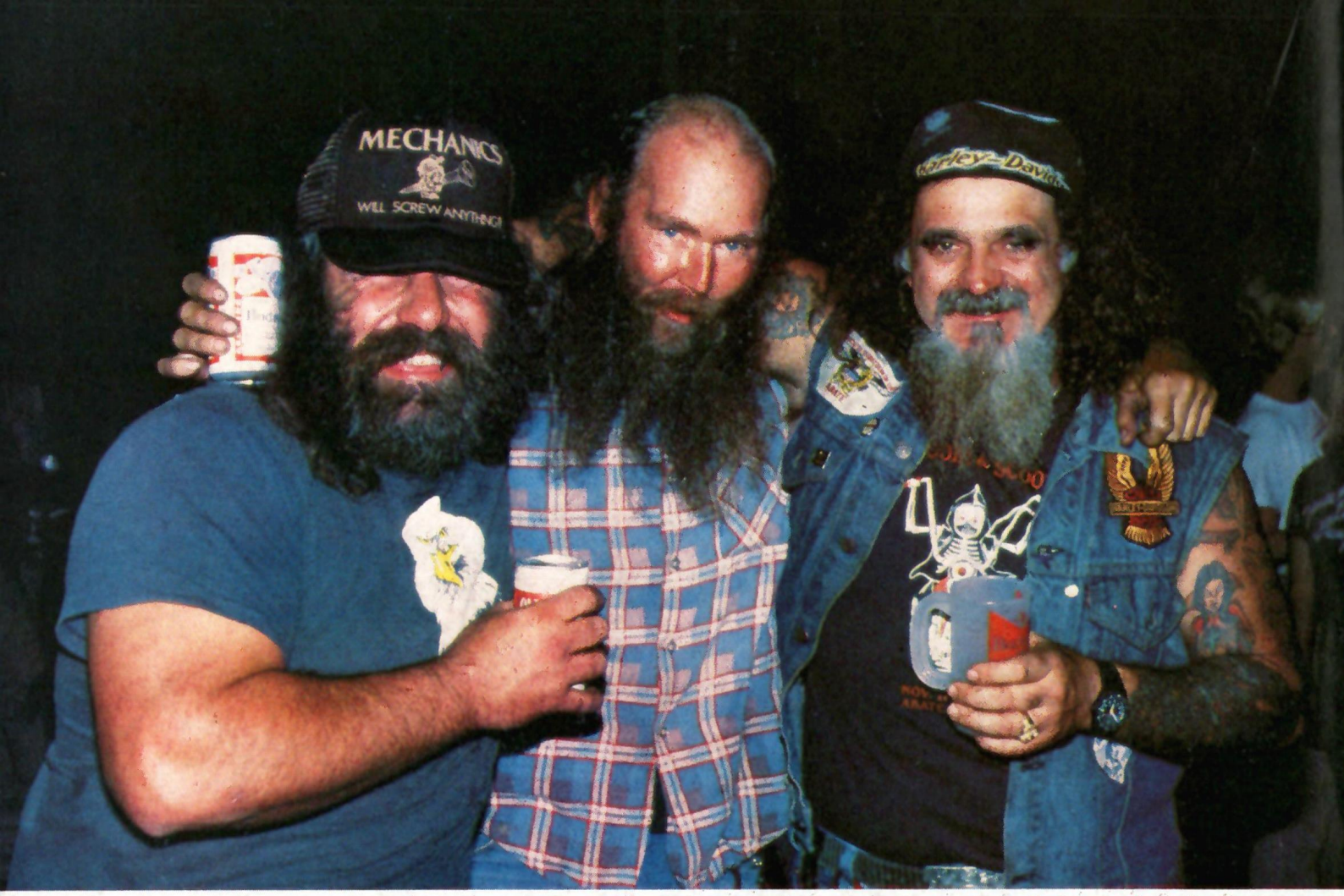
But that's Pat's gig and I suppose he deserves it after spendin most of his life fightin the snows of Illinois. It's just that Pat had the good sense to retire to the south before his fingers, toes and other important parts got too frost-bit to work proper. I can vouch for his picture-takin finger, but not the rest of him.

What strikes ya about Pat is his eye for the ladies. You can see it in the flicks I've picked out. He has a soft way about him that makes the females shed their inhibitions like a snake sheds its skin. He talks to em real nice, doesn't bullshit em or nothin, and pretty soon he's got a batch of breathless beach bunnies askin *him* to take their pictures. Shee-it.

Well, the whole thing sucks. It ain't fair. I sit here in this shack they laughingly call an office, lookin at page after page of warm weather quail, while somewhere in Florida, Picture Pat's out havin a good time. The only consolation is the results of his labor might brighten your day. He's got a fantastic flick folio that makes me want to quit this shitty job, jump on my scoot and head to where the sun shines and the action's fine.

Oh, Christ, it's snowin now, the rent's due and I ain't got it and the ol lady's down with the flu. I mean it's fuckin cold in here, man. Maybe I'll just pack up the scoot and

HARLEY-DAVIDSON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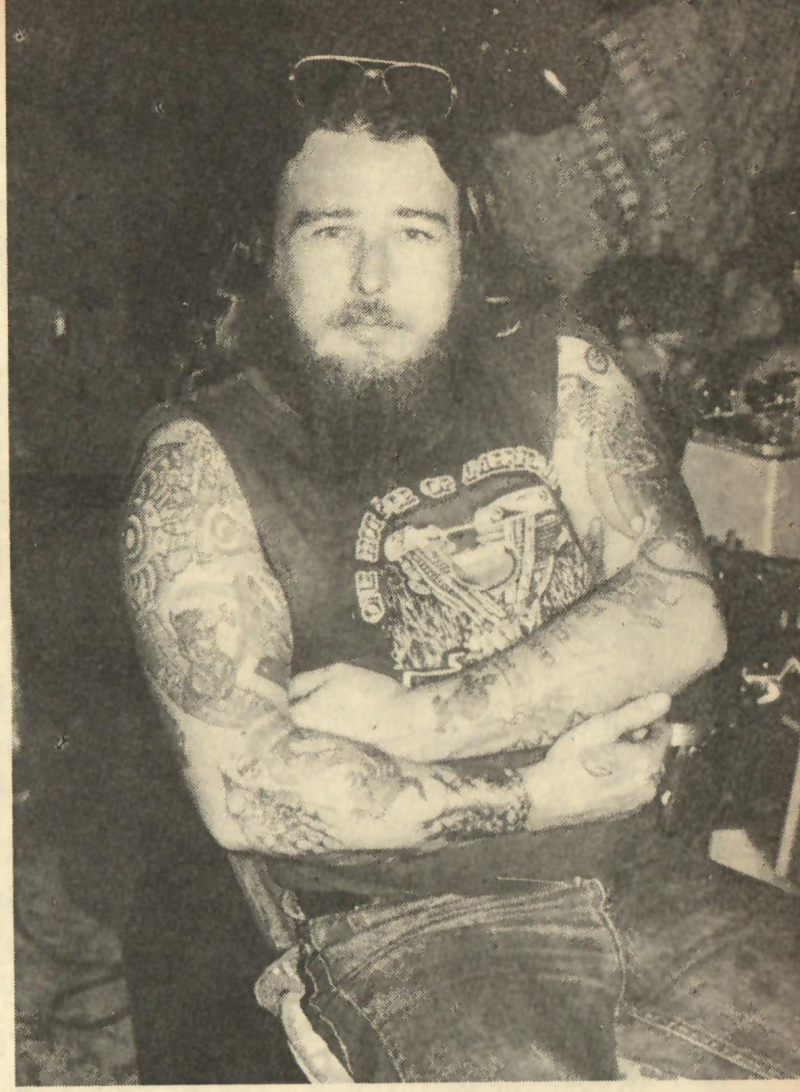

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Typin by Beergut
Photos by Fatbob

BEER TASTING CONTEST

Here's how it worked. We awarded 10 points for each of the following categories: taste, texture, smoothness, head and smell. We gave 5 points for: availability, price and packaging (the bottle or can). A total score of 65 was possible.

The beers sampled included: Colt .45, Leopard, Genesee 12 Horse, Black Horse, Grizzly, Moosehead, Tiger Head, Beaver, Hamms, Schlitz Bull, Oyster House, Herforder Pils, Kingfischer, Chihuahua, Eagle, Jumpin Gator, Dragon Stout, Bass, Fox, Gibbons, Buckhorn, Golden Hawk, Foster's Lager, Rolling Rock, Cooper's, MacAnderws Scotch Ale, Lowenbrau, Monkshof and Bud.

Over a 12-hour period, our tasters worked furiously to consume 67 cases of beer. Then they wrote up their reports. Unfortunately, we couldn't read any of them and Rumbleseat, our resident tornado, had an accident during the beerfarting contest and used the reports to clean himself up with. So I guess we'll just have to do it over again.

However, if any of you bros out there wanna hold yer own contest, write it up and send some snaps of yer barmaid so we can share em, we'd be obliged.

Throughout the ages hunters have believed that if they ate the heart and drank the blood of the animals they killed, they would somehow suck up the powers of their prey. In plain words, if ya drink the blood of a lion, you'll be roarin with strength and lust, just like that fuckin lion.

That sounds okay to me, but they're ain't a whole lot of lions lyin around here. So ya gotta do the next best thing—drink beer with animal names or animals on the label. At least that's my theory, anyway.

I was tellin Lobo (animal name) and Fatbob (animal habits) about this one day and they told me to fuck off and that if it were true, I musta been eatin turds outta the toilet. You are what you eat. But when I offered to pay for the brew, they decided to hold a beer-tastin contest (any excuse to slosh some suds).

About two days later we had rounded up a case or three of every animal beer we could find and a bunch of bros who were equally animalistic. Unfortunately, that shit's so expensive and I hadda hock the ol lady's color TV to pay fer it. She wasn't none too happy about that, but fuck her anyway. Ya gotta set what ya call yer priorities in this life.

We cleared out a space at the bar, pissed on the floor to clean up the blood from our last party and told Cookie Hooker she was the servin wench and house slut. We wuz mostly sober to start out with, so we wuz payin attention when big Ollie, our "Security Advisor," told us to throw it in neutral for a moment.

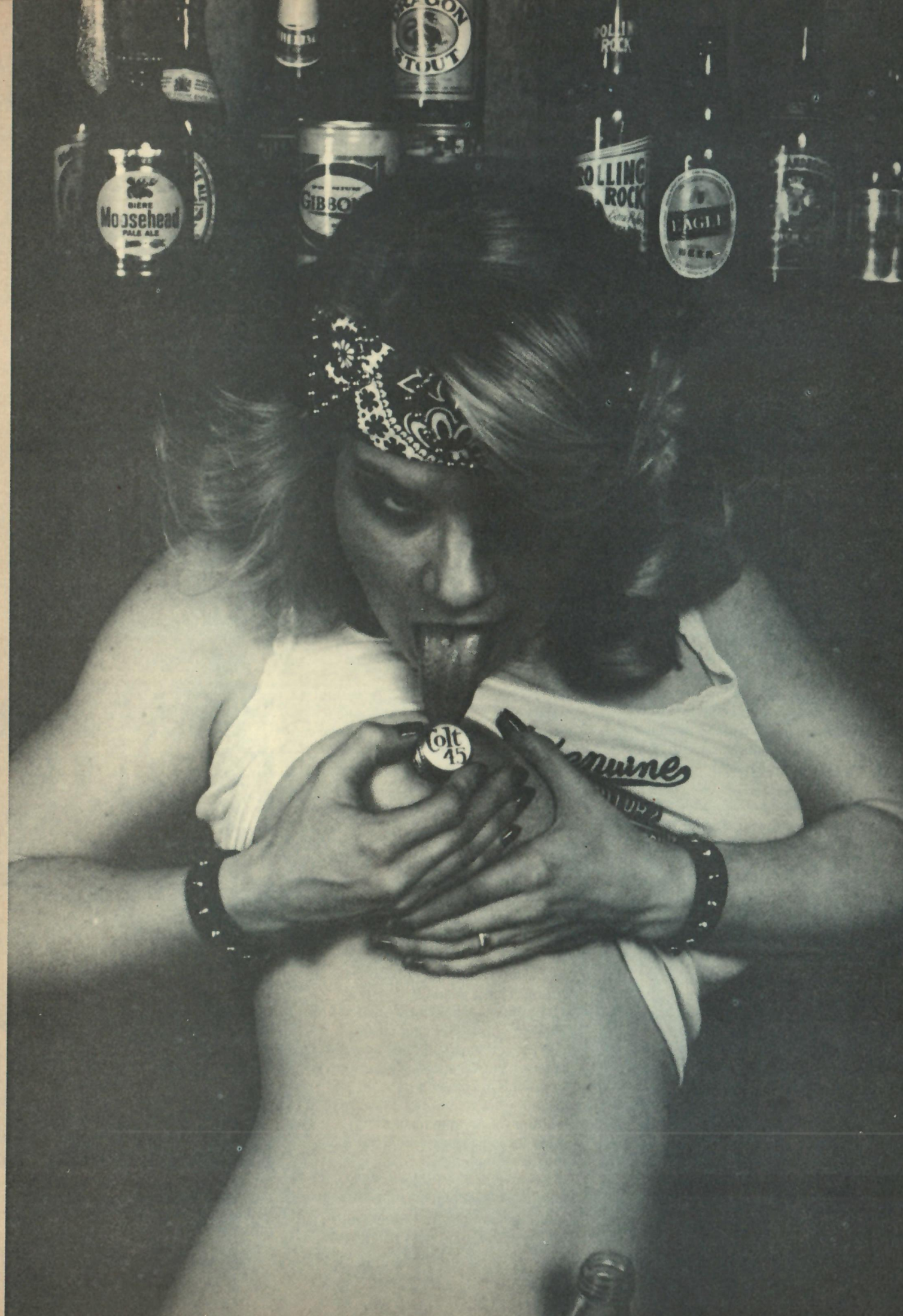
"You must establish categories and bestow awards. You cannot simply drink 60-odd cases of beer and call it a contest." Big Ollie talks a little funny, but no one mentions it because he learned the words out of a law book at Quentin. Come to think of it, he learned a lotta nasty things there. So we listened good.

"Now, when the Frogs have a wine tasting," Ollie continued. "They sniff it, gargle it around and spit it out. I don't sanction that. It's probably the

reason the Germans kicked their ass twice, but I implore you to conduct this contest with care and precision." Then he farted.

So here it is, with "care and preci-

ROLLING STONE AWARD: To Rolling Rock Beer. After Cookie shoved a few bottles up her twat, she scraped most of the moss off.


Moosehead
PALE ALE
STOUT
ROLLING
ROCK
LAGER
Colt 45

BEST DECORATION: In the nip cap contest, the winner was Dragon Stout, though Cookie Hooker prefered Colt .45 on her 38's.

sion''—the First Annual Iron Horse Beer Tasting Contest (or as much as I remember).

BEST HEAD: Cookie, our bar wipe, got all excited when we mentioned this category and when Lobo told her it meant foam, she said she could raise her own foam. After watchin her perform, we added a new category....

BEST DILDO: Two of the bitches at the party had an argument over which bottle was snatch-slidin champeen. Cookie of course, liked the Carlsberg Elephant, cuz she likes anything giant-sized up her snatch. But she kept bitchin and moanin about not havin any quarts of Bud. Spacey Gracey, who's got a long, narrow pussy, prefered the slope-shouldered bottle of Nordic Wolf. It's a low-calorie beer, so maybe it slides up easier. I know she had no trouble gettin it up her ass. Which brings us to our next category.

BEST CURE FOR CONSTIPATION: Spacey Gracey had been on a high-bulk diet, tryin to put on some weight.

EASE OF OPENING: Cookie found she could snap the cap off Moosehead just by using her cunt lips. But the winner was Genesee 12 Horse, which needed only clitoral stimulation to pop.

BEST HAND-JOB: Cookie couldn't keep her hands off the Carlsberg Elephant's trunk. And when she was through, she had the Elephant Malt Liquor. A lot.

She's so skinny and bony, ya bruise yerself just fuckin her. But the problem was she hadn't taken a shit in two weeks. She was more fulla shit than a small-town sheriff. Anyway, she rammed that bottle of Nordic Wolf up her ass, jerked it around a bit and hadda excuse herself. But ya knew

where she'd gone, cuz she left these little brown balls behind her.

BEST BEER SHITS: We discounted Gracie in this category, cuz she won the one above and actually it took two weeks to determine the winner here. Ken Radd reported he shit for a week and none of it dryer than a pussy in heat. His choice: Schlitz Bull. Deathwish, however, started shittin almost immediately behind Kingfischer. I don't think he ever pissed. It sorta bypassed his bladder and went right to his ass.

BEST BEERFARTS: Better'n beershits, beerfarts are what most of the bros are into. Whole books have been written about this fascinatin category, so ya can read up on it if ya haveta, but for here, remember ya got yer little popcorn farts, yer screamers and yer Brown Bettys. Beerfartin is a semi-solid judge of the beer ya drink.

For the sake of decency, we moved the competition up to the roof after the first two rounds. Rumbleseat, who didn't get his nane from a '38 Ford coupe, prides himself on being our resident brown tornado. He sounded like he had a trombone in his jeans. If ya could have harnessed all that methane he was crankin out, you wouldn't have needed a nitrous setup. You'd need a safety guard, tho, to

LEG-WETTIN AWARD: To MacAndrews Scotch Ale. After two bottles of this ale, Cookie went outside and lifted her leg against a fire hydrant.

BEST SHIT IN THE WOODS: Mam-munchin Grizzly did the trick and won the coveted Bear Tit Award.

BEST HAMMS & THIGHS: Awarded to Hamms Beer and Cookie's thighs. Her ass, too.

block the clinkers. Foster's Lager, with the red kangaroo on the label, was his brew and it hit just the right note. After only three of those king-sized cans, Rumble's king-sized can was blastin out farts that were melodious, wet and pungent, with volume and odor to burn. In fact, somebody shoulda burned the whole place down.

Rumble's choice of an Australian beer was good, cuz it's brewed for down-under and that's the way it comes out. Fact is, Australian beer's always been gassy and the experts claim that kangaroos developed their jumpin abilities to evade the deadly bursts of wind aimed at them by drunken Aussies. Anyone who saw "Road Warrior" knows that they had to drive that far, that fast, in those open cages, just to outrun their beer-farts.

BEST BEER TO BELCH BY: Like farting, belching is a function of the beer's carbonation and the drinker's skill. Rumbleseat, for example, is a mighty farter, but he couldn't loose a belch that would frighten a mouse. We know, because he tried and the mouse took a shit on his boot. Crankcase, however, sounds like a rat on a cold morning. He can belch out the Hallelujah Chorus after drinking only a sip of water. When he drinks beer he can do imitations of famous people belching—you know, like Edward G. Robinson, James Stewart and President Nixon.

The runner up was Baser Buford

BEST BEAVER-FLAVORED BEER: Smelled that way, too.

BOOZE
ONLY ANSWE
WILD
asbe
PHA

who was belching behind Bass Ale, but got a bit carried away (see below).

BEST PROJECTILE VOMITING: Baser Buford won hands down while competing with Crank in the Belching Contest. He sucked down some two dozen bottles of Moosehead on top of a large anchovie pizza and let go with an entire, undigested slice (anchovies and all). What made it amazing was that the slice was surrounded by a golden bubble of brew. Anyway, it went sailing lazily across the room like a flying wedge and landed—splat—on Big Ollie's shoulder.

Before Baser was killed, he won both the texture and distance categories, beating out Spacecase who blasted out his patented, flame-red puke (the result of eating chili) onto Lana who was blowing him.

Spacecase accepted the award for his late bro.

BEST WEAPON: Speaking of death, this is an interesting category. Big Ollie used a full bottle of Lowenbrau to dispatch Baser. He said the silver foil on the neck gave him a good grip, even when wet, and it was light enough for him to whip it through the air right at Baser's head. This was one time Baser should have been waearing a helmet.

In the shiv category, Redneck Reilly found that it was a toss up between long neck Bud and Rolling Rock. Bud had a tendency to shatter, leaving you standing there with only a jagged neck; while the good, green glass of Rock was too hard to break over your forearm. You had to use the edge of the bar. So it was even up here.

BEST BEER TO COME BY: Speedmerchant, who's known for his ability to come before he gets it out of his jeans, claimed that after 14 Dragon Stouts, he was stout enough to score with his ol lady, Bobbi Jean. Bobbi Jean said it was probably just a piss hardon, but she wasn't complaining because he did manage to stick it in before he shot it out.

Weasel, who went limp after only 10 Tiger Heads, claimed Speedy was (illegally) using a shoehorn to get started. Bobbi Jean defended her man sayin Weasel had probably seen the glint off her new chrome I.U.D. "Anyway," she said. "It's a wonder he can see anything out of those beady little eyes."

Ordinarily, this kind of remark would cause Weasel to start swingin, and everybody who was within earshot perked up, ecxpectin a little action. But Weasel just gave a weak grin and keeled over, which qualified him for...

BEST PACIFYIN AWARD: Normally, Weasel and his Tiger Head would have won, but he lost out to Baser Buford (Moosehead) who was real, real quiet, cuz he was dead.

BEST DESIGN: It's important to have something to gaze at while you drink, so we let Danger Brown, the art director, and Fatbob, who has so many tats he looks like a walkin museum, take a shot at this one. Fatbob liked Cooper's koala bear. He claimed the little marsupial winked at him. And Danger liked the moose on Moosehead, though he thought it might be a moosette.

BEST AROMATIC PISS: Grub, who is a strange man in many ways, stumbled back from the shitter to tell everybody who'd listen that his piss not only looked and smelled like Grizzly, but it tasted like it too. That was a pretty good recommendation, but the award went to a real bastard in a bastard category. It happened this way:

Lana, who answers the mail and then throws it away, also preforms a valuable service for the bros who feel that pissin on their colors will keep down road dust. She's an expert on pissin. She reported that the dribbles on Lobo's Levi leg smelled just like roses. Since Lobo, as usual, was drinkin everything in sight, we recommend a blend of imported and domestic beers, with a Wild Turkey chaser, if you, too, want to smell like a rose.

BEST DIPPITY-DOO SUBSTITUTE: If yer gonna smell like a rose, ya might as well be well-groomed. Danger Brown, who has a beard that comes down to his belly and looks like a gray shirt, let various kinds of beer trickle (okay, dribble) down his chin. "Golden Hawk's the stickiest," he said, combing his beard into four neat braids. "It holds, yet doesn't attract bugs."

BEST BEER GUT: "That's not a fair category," Gutterball Gutmann complained. "It takes years of loving care to look like me." I suppose it's true, ol Gutterball was named because he looks like he ate a brace of bowling balls for lunch. He's one of the few men in the world who can belly up to the bar without actually going inside a saloon. Anyway, his beer's Bud, if yer interested.

BEST DOUCHE: Here, there was no question of who the winner was. We all knew this slut named Swampy who used to pack with Big Ollie. Swampy was a slut and a half (she got her name because her pussy was always soaked with something), but she hadda cool her natural whorin inclinations cuz Ollie didn't dig it. So she used to get herself off by shakin up one of them big quart cans of Foster's and blastin it up her snatch. She'd come about a hundred times a day that way and claimed she never had to use contraception of any kind, which was good, because Ollie's a Catholic.

Anyway, they're together for about three years and everything's okay until she discovers her combination douche/birth control device has failed her. She's three months pregnant. Damn, she says, what the fuck am I gonna do now? So she tells Big Ollie, who, after he uses her to wipe the floor, decides to perform his own semi-abortion. The big bastard won't take her to a clinic or use a wire hanger like a normal person, cuz he's Catholic. But he hits on the idea of usin Swampy's favorite beer as a sorta super-douche that will save the situation.

Well, he takes this warm quart can in his hands (it looks like a shot glass in his mitts) and starts shakin it up. The seams are poppin and ya can hear the can groanin and see it bulgin like Swampy's gonna look if this don't work.

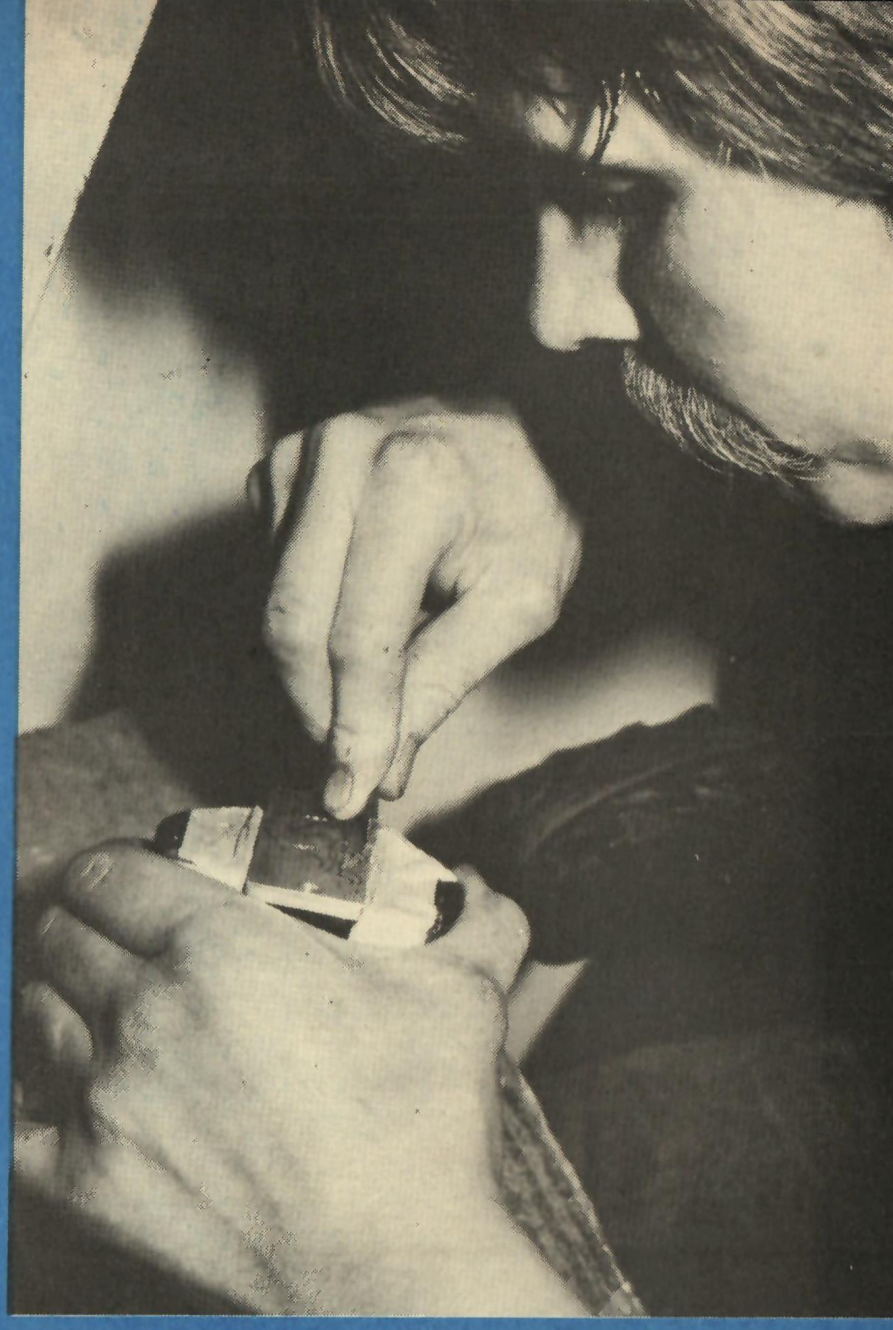
When he's ready, he takes a can opener and shotguns it right up Swampy's cunt. Holy shit! Some people claim the beer blew out her nose and ears. I can't vouch for that, but I'll tell ya one thing—by the time that tidal wave of beer receded, Swampy wasn't pregnant no more. She wasn't nothin no more and that's the last we ever saw of her.

BEST ANIMAL ACT: This was gonna be the big category, where everybody would try to act like the animal on the can or bottle, but we got too wasted and we're all animals anyway, so we copped out and awarded the prize to Cookie and her six-pack of Oyster House. She's got a bearded oyster herself, one we all enjoy, and although it smells more like a clam, we didn't find no Clam House Beer. Though, if she were on the rag, you'd have yer basic Clamato.

BEST TASTE: Nobody ever acused us of this and we never did get around to figuring out which beer won. Shit, after two or three, they all taste the same anyway.

PORTRAIT OF THE BIKER AS ARTIST

Photos By Fatbob
Story By Snow

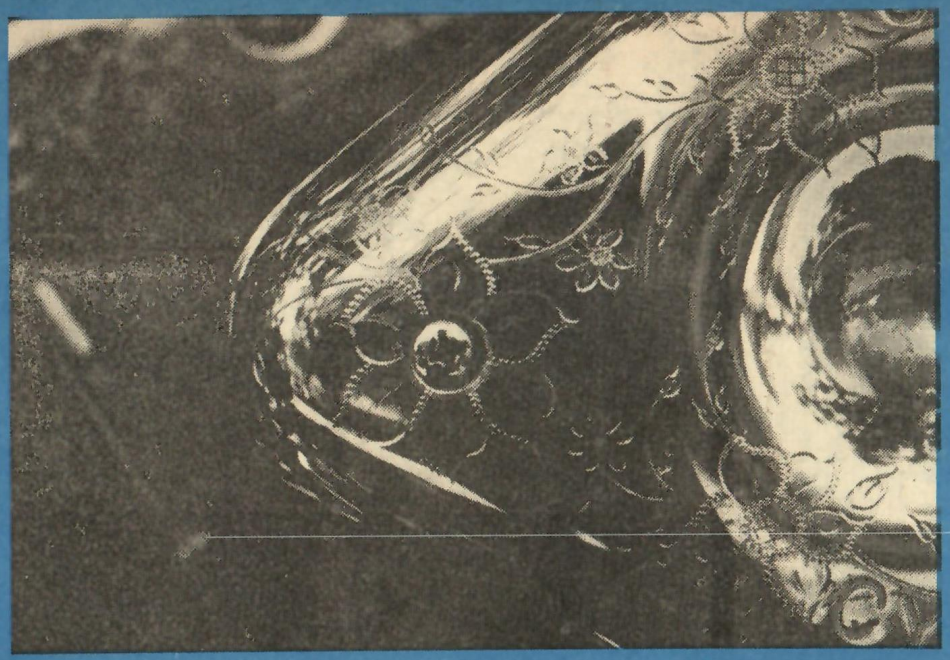


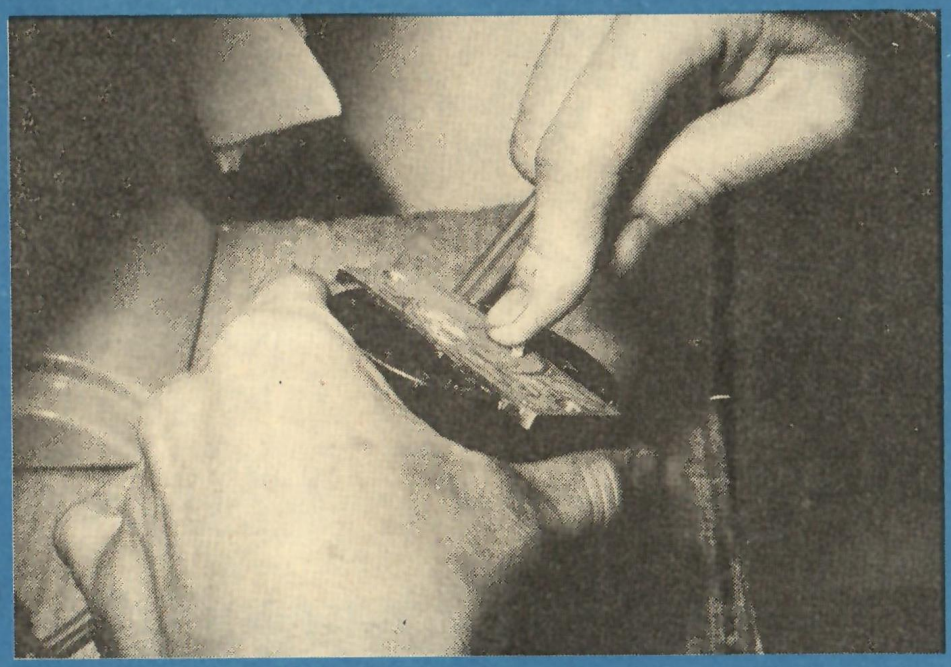
It's probably safe to say that most bikers, whether they know it or not, are artists. When ya think about it, both the biker and artist express themselves through their scoots and they both suffer over those creations. Y'know, some dude's out there painting away on his masterpiece, puttin his heart and soul into it when all of a sudden he sneezes in the middle of a brushstroke. Then he takes one look at his fuck-up and cuts his fuckin ear off! It's the same with bikers. Take yer average bro—now he ain't about to cut his own ear off fer nothin, but if his rocker boxes come back from the chromer's all pitted up, well, ya know somebody's gonna lose somethin! Anyway those're the basic similarities, but every now and then ya run across that double threat combination: a workin artist who's also a full time biker. He represents the best of both worlds—if his bike don't turn out right he'll cut off your ear and his too. We found such an individual in Rich Leonard. Hailin from East Rutherford, N.J., Rich works for a jeweler and rides a classy '73 Sportster.

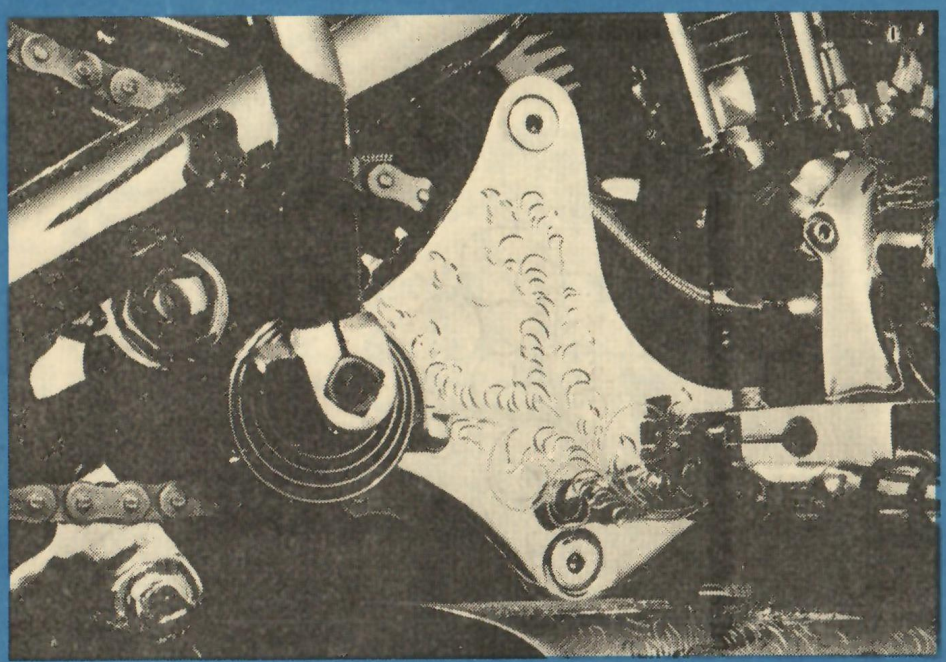
"I've been engraving for about three years now, but ridin for a lot longer. I got into engraving by takin a course from a master engraver who made me wait six months before he'd let me in."

But, as you kin see, it was worth the wait. Rich always had a natural artistic ability that he expressed through drawing, painting, and motorcycles. But his talent really bloomed when he combined his artistic skills with motorcycles. The special quality that Rich brings to customizin bikes is the discriminatin eye of the trained artist. Now, I ain't about to criticize nobody's ride, but let's face facts—there are one or two bros out there who don't quite know when to leave well enough alone. They start out chromin their air cleaner and wind up with a bike that ya can't get near without a pair of welder's goggles—everything from the jugs to the transmission drain plug is either chromed or gold plated. Nothin wrong with that, if it pushes yer buttons, go for it, but the point is that decidin to chrome a whole bike keeps ya from agonizin and sufferin over which parts to leave alone. This is where Rich shines.

"Most people are surprised when they see my bike for the first time. They go, Hey man, you're an engraver—why doncha do yer bike up? I guess they figure it ought to be a rollin showcase."







It's the economy of it, dig? It's knowin what touches to put and where to put em that makes a class ride, at least as far as Rich is concerned. His keen eye sees just what a bike needs, and how much is too much of a good thing, which is why he went for a blasted look on his Sporty—sandblastin the parts that most bros chrome.

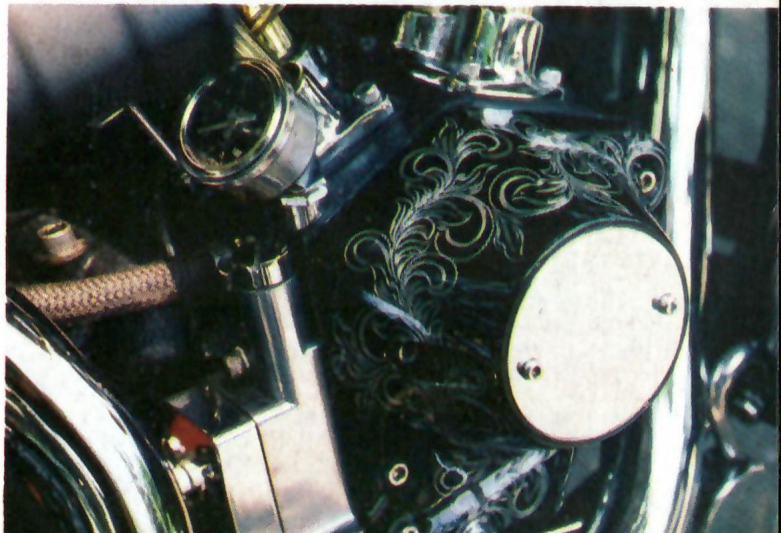
"Everybody chromes. I just like that subdued black and grey look with a minimal amount of engraving."

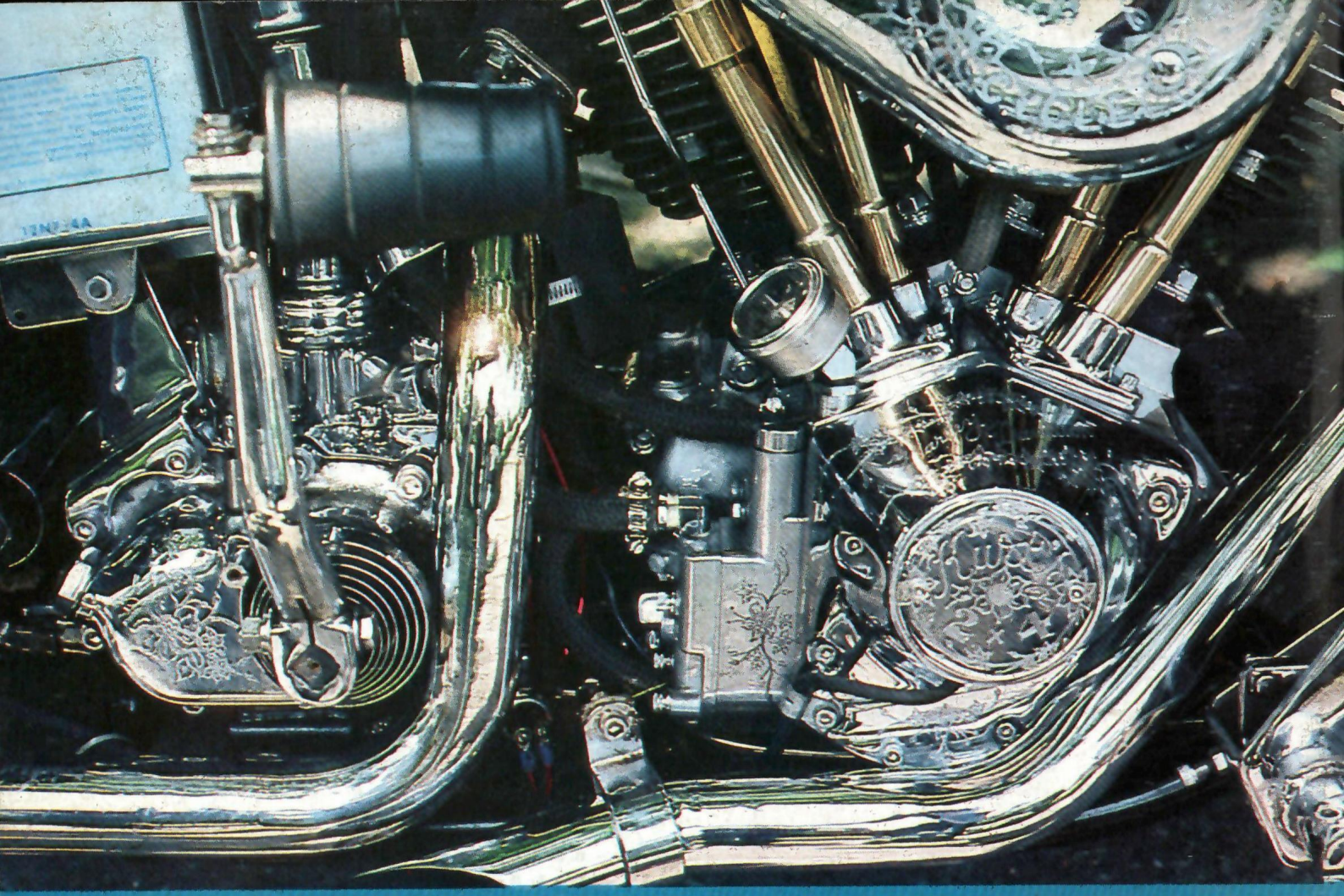
Although on his own bike Rich did just enough engravin and blastin for the parts to set each other off, and create a unified look, he does get set loose on a bike every now and then. Word of mouth has made him a popular guy in the Tri-State area, and the job he did on a bro's Wide Glide will get ya dizzy drunk if ya stare at it long enough. Phenomenal is the word for it. Rich even painted the primary case black in order to cut his designs through to the aluminum beneath for a stand-out look. "We experimented with several paints before we found one that wouldn't peel or crack when I cut on it." Rich's jeweler's eye for detail planted a message for the too-curious deep within his work—a minute "Fuck You" will greet ya if ya look too close.

The mechanics of his art are pretty straightforward, and amazingly fast. He'll take the part and draw his design on the metal with a marking pen and then go over the image with his cutters. It's all handcrafted complete with the traditional leaf and scrollwork ya see mostly on antique guns and knives. Rich does have his own designs but most bros, like true Harley riders, prefer to go the traditional route. Rich can take a plain master cylinder cover and turn it into an heirloom in about a half hour. The cost? A mere 15 bucks. And if you're worried about wax or polish gettin caught in all the detail work, quit snivelin, whaddya think yer toothbrush is for?

Rich's work has appeared in this rag before, he did the engraving on Mike Antonelli's Sportster, "Just Class" in the Oct. '84 issue. Mike has since sold the bike and recently told Rich about his new bike project. "He was gonna have some parts blasted with a few touches of scrollwork thrown in—it sounded kinda familiar." Yeah, but what the hell, it's the sincerest form of flattery.

If you'd like Rich to put his artistic touch on your machine you can reach him at (201) 257-0110.





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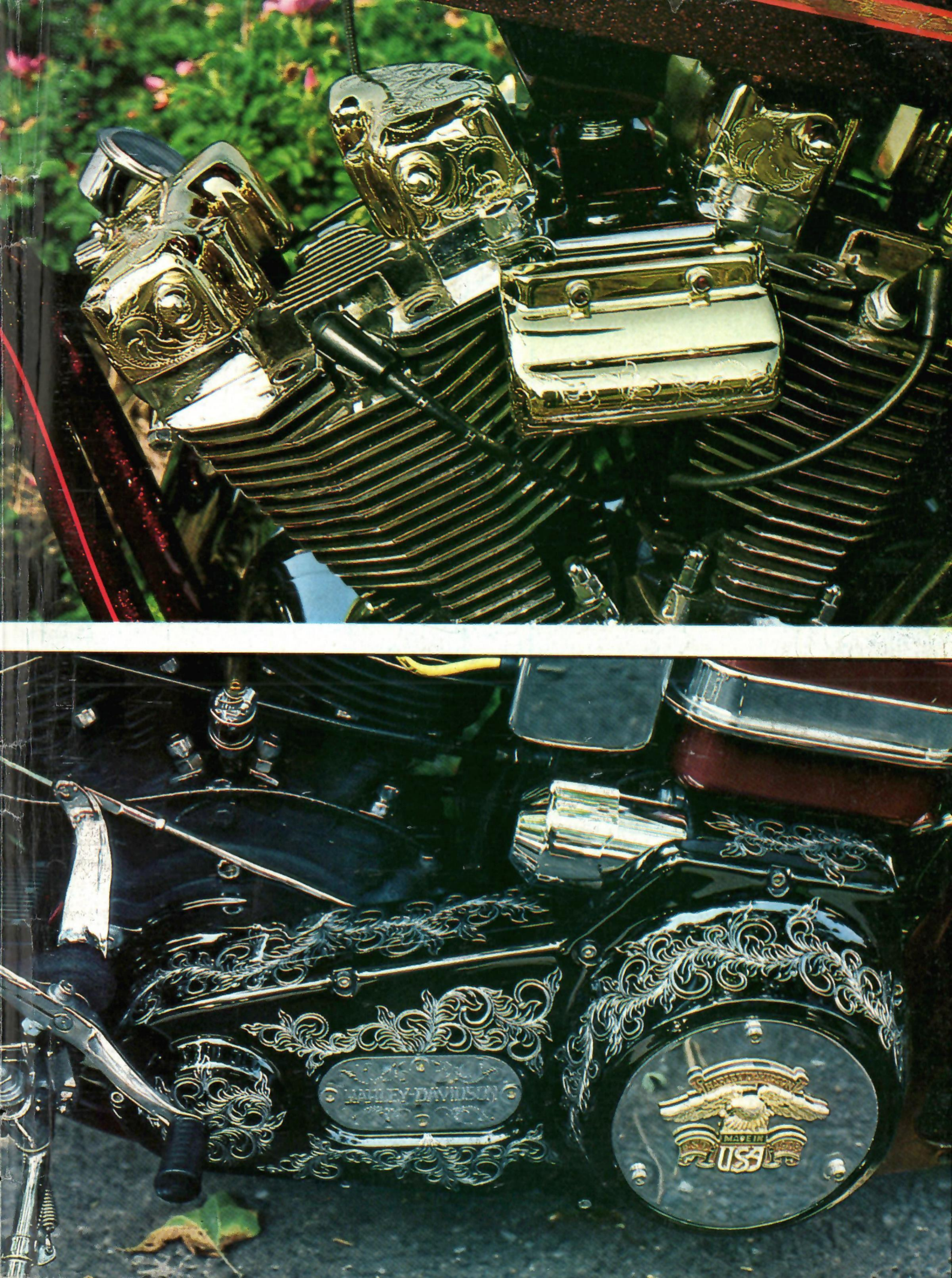
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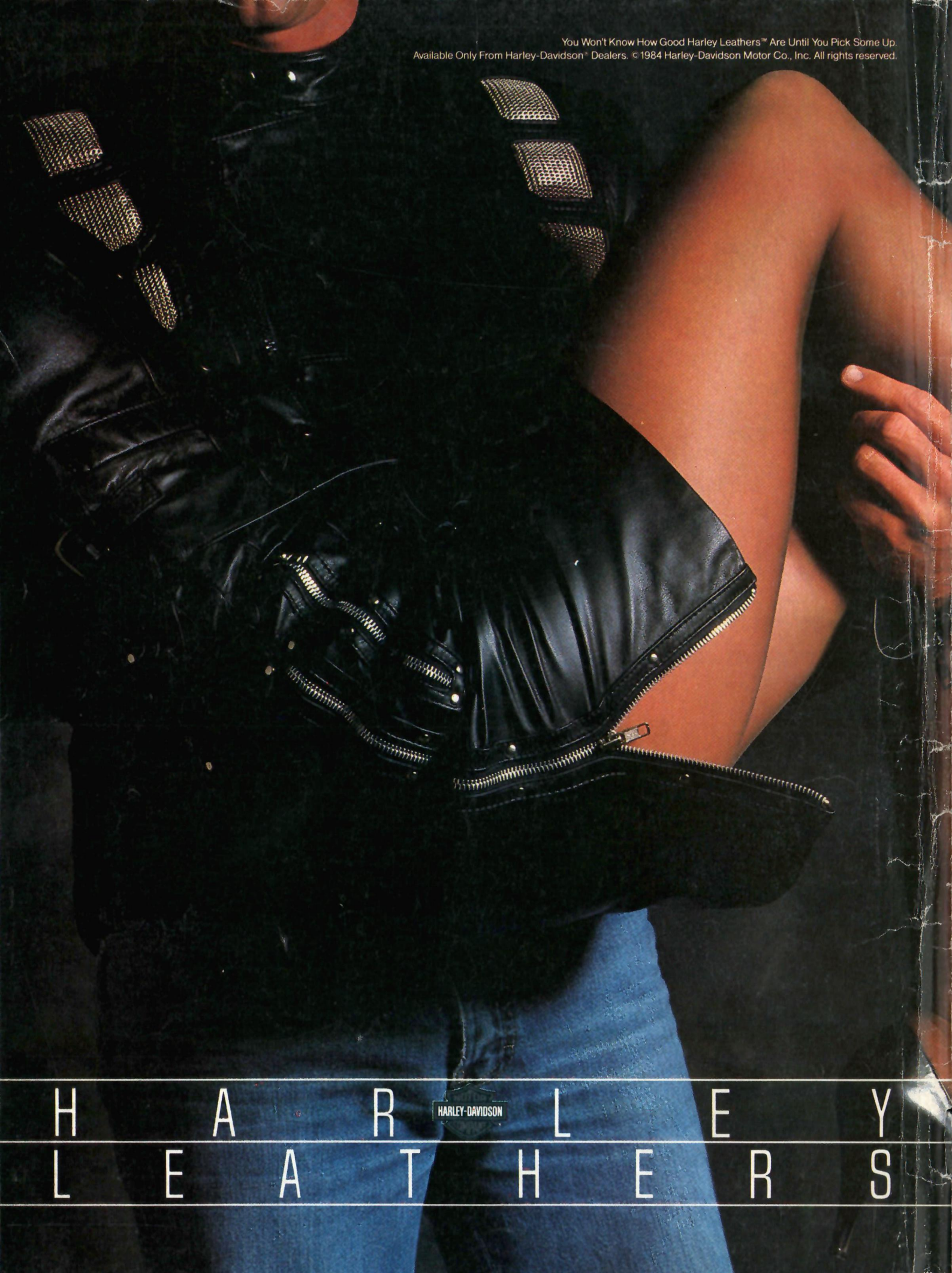
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